

# The Critic

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## The Critic

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### Literature

#### Mr. Gale's "Country Muse"

A Country Muse. By Norman R. Gale. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS IS UNQUESTIONABLY the best volume of light and amatory verse that has come from England since Mr. Dobson's "At the Sign of the Lyre." Somewhat less fastidious than Mr. Dobson in matters of technique, Mr. Gale is the rival of his now famous predecessor in the charm and genuineness of his poetic gift. The lyrics in this little book are characterized by spontaneity, natural simplicity and bud-like freshness. They abound in unexpected, exquisite turns of phrase, and in figures whose felicity reminds one of the many perfect things of a similar kind in Mr. Aldrich's briefer poems. Their atmosphere is that of the large and open air, oftentimes fragrant of the cherry orchard which is evidently the poet's favorite haunt; and the maidens—Laura, Clarinda, Chloris, Mary and Cicely,—who dance and sing to Mr. Gale's measures, are all so bewitching that no one is likely to chide if the rustic Muse sometimes choose

"The country love, the country blush!"

Light as these songs often are—the very thistledown of poesy,—the lightest of them is something better and finer than *vers-de-société*; there is always in them an element of seriousness or a touch of true passion which makes them shine with the genuine glow of poetry. Several of them indeed, like "To a Young Lady, in Excuse," "The Country Faith," "Alice Graham," "My Cherry-Trees" and "The Rivulet," sound a deeper note, and their graver music gives hints of still greater possibilities of song.

Mr. Gale is happy in his liberty to worship the Muse in the green fields and the leafy temples of the groves, and how well he says so!

No cage shall rust my feathers—I am free!  
And this is writ that you may read and run,  
Lest you should seek to curb the restless sea  
Or whistle back the eagle from the sun!

With what sincerity of feeling and winning simplicity he describes "The Country Faith":—

Here in the country's heart,  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.  
Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.  
God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all!

This is very unlike the verse of the modern English poet as we best know him: it is too straightforward and too little filed. Were one to find it unsigned in any of our newspaper columns one would probably attribute it to that gifted Indianapolis poet, Whitcomb Riley.

But Mr. Gale is at his best in pieces like "The Shaded Pool," "Consolation"—an excellent echo of Elizabethan song—"In the Glade," "Content," "The Gipsy King's Song,"

"Spring," "To a Whitethroat," "Leafy Warwickshire," "A Budding Maid" and this inimitable "Pastoral":—

Along the lane beside the mead  
Where cowslip-gold is in the grass  
I matched the milkmaid's easy speed,  
A tall and springing country lass:  
But though she had a merry plan  
To shield her from my soft replies,  
Love played at Catch-me-if-you-Can  
In Mary's eyes.  
A mile or twain from Varley bridge  
I plucked a dock-leaf for a fan,  
And drove away the constant midge,  
And cooled her forehead's strip of tan.  
But though the maiden would not spare  
My hand her pretty finger-tips,  
Love played at Kiss-me-if-you-Dare  
On Mary's lips.  
And now the village flashed in sight,  
And closer came I to her side;  
A flush ran down into the white,  
The impulse of a pinky tide:  
And though her face was turned away,  
How much her panting heart confessed!  
Love played at Find-me-if-you-May  
In Mary's breast.

There have been a few collections of verse published in this country in the last five or six years which are just as sparkling, just as delightful and just as full of poetry as Mr. Gale's. So American readers will be quick to discover and to appreciate the graces of this Country Muse; and we are quite sure they will find Mr. Gale's verse a great relief after a rather prolonged period of the artificial and overwrought rhymes of Messrs. Le Gallienne, Symons, Radford and others, or, more probably, after the painfully pretentious and perfunctory metrical endeavors of that unlaurelled trinity of uninspired verse-makers, Messrs. Austin, Arnold and Lewis Morris.

A portrait of Mr. Gale is reproduced from *The Review of Reviews* on page 84.

#### "Under the Evening Lamp"

By Richard Henry Stoddard. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

A VEIN OF SADNESS runs through Mr. Stoddard's last volume, which is mainly devoted to a study of those unfortunate minor poets who have not been the cynosure of the world's eyes, and on whom the favors of Fortune have fallen scantily. The sadness is objective, however, not subjective, for the author contents himself with telling the story, leaving the reader to do what moralizing he will. Such writers as these appear: the uncouth Hogg, Elliott the Corn Law Rhymer, John Clare the Village Minstrel, and the shoemaker Bloomfield. In the first chapter are grouped those Scottish contemporaries of Burns who were fired by the success of the great poet to flare fitfully, and who left behind them forgotten names. In other chapters we have Blake, Hartley Coleridge, Beddoes, and others whose promise was great.

The author's aim is confessedly only biographical, and yet literary criticism forms no small part of the book. Mr. Stoddard's criticism is valuable: his attitude is independent, his judgments are mature, having stood the test of his experience, his expression is direct and forcible, and his views of life are large and liberal in the sense of catholic rather than in the sense of bohemian. The dignified tone of high thinking occasionally heightens into epigram, and occasionally there comes a sentence or two sharp enough to sting. For the latter, witness the trenchant remarks on the unfitness of political editorships for literary men (p. 84); and for—not an epic in a line but—a chapter in a sentence, take the following: "The eighteenth century did not accept poetry unless it proved something; the nineteenth century accepts it if it proves itself." Pointed expressions are frequent enough to add spice: "To be a foolish poet is not a crime; but to be known as a foolish poet is a misfortune."

Some of the criticisms are harsh, although they are all healthy; there is a good deal of repetition on the nature of

poetry in the introductory matter of various essays; relative pronouns are frequently used ambiguously:—these are faults of the book that deserve mention. For the rest, Mr. Stoddard is entirely right in thinking the reader "will find some things here which he will not readily find elsewhere."

#### Ruskiniana

1. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting.* By John Ruskin. \$2.75. (Brantwood Edition.) Chas. E. Merrill & Co. 2. *John Ruskin: His Life and Teaching.* By J. M. Mather. 3d Edition. \$1. Fred'k Warrs & Co. 3. *Cameos from Ruskin.* Ed by Mary E. Cardwill. \$1. Chas. E. Merrill & Co.

FEW MEN HAVE HAD A more candid *cicerone* than Mr. Ruskin has in Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. Usually the chatter of *ciceroni* is only about the excellences of their idols; this and that perfection is pointed out, this and that eccentricity is left in benignant *chiaroscuro*; the wonders and marvels accomplished by the artist are emphasized with the fleetness and sureness of Mercury himself twirling the wand, while the awkwardness, the unilluminated spots, the glazed and murdered corners of the canvas, and the glaring self-contradictions are skipped over with a simper or a silence—only too suggestive to the observer. Of this Prof. Norton has nothing. He admires Ruskin intensely, his richness, his versatility, his flaming moral force, his literary skill and pungency; but all the same, while standing before the shrine seemingly rapt in contemplation, his lips begin to move and he points out pitilessly all the errors and oddities, the wrong composition and drawing, the rash generalizations, the parts that do not cohere, the harmony that should but does not exist. He convicts his friend of rashness, incoherency, misstatement, haste, and even positive error time and again; but all in so harmonious a voice that it gives no offence: it is like the chiding given to a wilful child by an affectionate mother:—

A little charming and harmonious fowl,  
Which sings its lump of body to a soul.

In the present volume, which contains Ruskin's Edinburgh lectures on Architecture (1), the lecture on "Turner and his Works," and a lecture on "Pre-Raphaelitism," all delivered forty years ago, Prof. Norton cannot help drawing attention to Ruskin's habit of fixing his eye on a half-truth, and hammering it out for all it is worth. Sometimes it is the golden, sometimes it is the silver side of the shield, but seldom the twin lobes together. The result is that in some future volume the artist turns furiously on his imperfect work and batters it to pieces with abuse and apology as a piece of rampant juvenility which ought never to have seen the light at all; and the reader is left alone with an erratic and excited Don Quixote charging like a Norse berserker on his own fantastic windmills. He begins the Edinburgh lectures with a biting blast of sarcasm hurled against the symmetry and monotony of Edinburgh's architecture, contrasting its tastelessness with the infinite beauty and brightness of Italian Verona. In the Turner lecture Mr. Norton calls attention to Ruskin's absurd shortsightedness in denying a love of nature to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, centuries vivid with the lovely rural verse of Milton, Vaughan, Herrick, Shakespeare and Goldsmith, solely to glorify Turner and sink Claude into the "gulf of foolishness." Mr. Ruskin is an intellectual Cyclops who sees out of one eye only instead of two: a moon with only one illumined side to it. In the lecture on "Pre-Raphaelitism" he is most generous to Millais, and Hunt, and Rossetti when it was something to be generous, and his interpretations of the movement are most acute and instructive. The four lectures indeed are an epitome of the writer himself with all his rhetoric, humorous exaggeration, moral fervor, and brilliant phrasing concentrated on favorite themes.

The personality of Ruskin has always been interesting to his multitudinous readers. "Præterita" supplied authentic surroundings to it; but that much-interrupted masterpiece left much to be desired, and it had no sequence of continuous event. Mr. J. M. Mather's little book on Ruskin's life and teaching (2) has therefore proved a welcome addition to

Ruskiniana, and is now in its third edition. He tells how the critic inherited 157,000*l.* at his father's death, and immediately distributed 7000*l.* to relatives who, he thought, ought to have been remembered. Only about 12,000*l.* remains of this large fortune, the rest having been used in founding guilds, museums, courses of art-lectures and manifold charities. From this book one gets an accurate and connected idea of the various passions and enthusiasms—one dare not call them "fads"—which have successively preyed upon and devoured an over-willing Prometheus—Art, Social Science, Education, Political Economy, and then Art again, each time after being devoured the giant rising again with Antæus-like powers and appetite.

Nosegays from Ruskin's garden, from Herne Hill and Coniston Water are becoming numerous; but it is no wonder that busy bees flock to places where flowers are so abundant and so bright. Miss Cardwill is the latest pillager who has "clomb" into this Paradise and rifled its sweets for our delectation (3). Ruskin does not easily lend himself to "cameos," "blumenkränze," or *pensées* gathering: his sentences are usually so long and so knit into their fellows that to cut one out is like clipping a mesh of a silken girdle and causing the ruin of a whole page. Miss Cardwill, however, has been, on the whole, quite successful in her surgery: beautiful thoughts abound in her collection, though the numerous " \* \* \*" show us the sutures of the wounds. One could have wished exact references for each quotation: uprooted flowers are always best labelled with references to locality. The sections from "The Crown of Wild Olive" are all incorrectly referred to "Crown of Wild Olives." Ruskin is so erudite a classic that he would be shocked to see this upsetting of Olympic memories.

#### Two Volumes of Verse by Dr. Mitchell

1. *Francis Drake: A Tragedy of the Sea.* 2. *The Mother, and Other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell. \$1.25 each. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TWO NEW VOLUMES of poems—one containing a single dramatic sketch, and the other a collection of briefer lyrical pieces—are calculated to contribute considerably to Dr. Weir Mitchell's literary reputation. The author is one of those few and fortunate mortals upon whom nature has bestowed a double gift. His pleasant lines describing how Dr. Holmes as a schoolboy was claimed by both Minerva and Apollo might appropriately be quoted to fit his own case. Minerva's was the prior claim, but when she had listened to Apollo's glowing prophecy,

"Not mine," Minerva cried, "to spoil thy joy:  
Divide the honours, let us share the boy."

So it happens that we have two poet-physicians, one in Boston and one in Philadelphia. The younger has been assiduous in his devotion to Apollo during the past four years, producing on an average one volume of verse each year; but this diligence has not been at the expense of literary worth, nor has the total output been large—the quartette of slender volumes contain but little more than enough for one sizeable book.

Dr. Mitchell's dramatic ability, which has been recognized in previous work, has never been so conspicuously shown as in "Francis Drake." The story of that mutinous gentleman, Thomas Doughty, who accompanied Drake on his memorable voyage, although its climax is sufficiently tragic, can hardly be said to offer materials enough for a tragedy. What the author has made of the rather scanty details is an effective dramatic sketch, written in smooth and commendable blank-verse. In the volume of shorter poems, "The Mother," written in a Tennysonian measure, is full of tenderness and sympathy, and will appeal to the hearts of all who read it. Despite its metrical similarity to some of the dead Laureate's work, the author's individual note is always distinct. "Responsibility" is Browningsque and interesting; and the lyrics and sonnets reminiscent of Rome, Venice and Pisa are all more or less charming: "My Lady of Roses" is a delightful bit of romance and fancy. Other excellent poems are "The Wreck



of the Emmeline," a forceful, narrative poem; "St. Christopher"; "Dreamland," a lyric light as thistle-down, and several quatrains and double quatrains. There may be poems in this book more representative of Dr. Mitchell's style and manner than this one called "Good-Night," but there is none more exquisite in its feeling:—

Good-night. Good-night. Ah, good the night  
That wraps thee in its silver light.  
Good-night. No night is good for me  
That does not hold a thought of thee.  
Good-night.

Good-night. Be every night as sweet  
As that which made our love complete,  
Till that last night when death shall be  
One brief "Good-night," for thee and me.  
Good-night.

The present volumes are uniform in size with the author's "Cup of Youth," "A Psalm of Deaths," etc.

#### "Student and Singer"

*The Reminiscences of Charles Santley. With portrait. \$2.25. Macmillan & Co.*

IT IS NOT OFTEN that the public are admitted so frankly "behind the scenes" as in Charles Santley's vivacious memoirs. Usually it contemplates its pleasure-givers critically from the front, idealized by distance, mellowed by shaded lights and softened chandeliers, encompassed by an atmosphere of music and romance, and rouged and dressed in the unrealities of the theatrical get-up. What goes on behind the ample curtain where idyllic shepherdesses sport in Watteau landscapes or ruined castles loom at magic distances is unknown to the opera-goer. The updrawn canvas reveals simply a harmonious and beautiful *tout ensemble* where all the angles are hid, all the passions are muffled, all individuality lost in pageantry, and all struggle, bickering or jealousy are drowned in delightful melody.

But now and then one artist bolder than the rest—a Gottschalk, a Berlioz, a Jefferson, or a Santley—ventures to lift the curtain from behind; the curtain not of the stage but of the green-room, the foyer, the rehearsal-chamber, the crowded and cramped private life; and then there are strange unmusical cries audible, dissonances, sweet bells jangled out of tune; unwieldy passions come to utterance and comical misadventures are presented to the unexpectant public, who gaze and glare amused or enraged over the naturalness of the scene, and find out for the first time that actors and actresses are precisely like themselves, or even more "dramatic" sons and daughters of Adam and Eve than they advertise themselves to be.

Mr. Santley draws up the curtain unmercifully on his idealized experiences and hobnobs with his public as affably as Benvenuto Cellini (whose name he rather dangerously quotes in his preface as justifying his own revelations). His gift of a musical baritone voice leads him as a boy into church choirs and church festivals in his native England, and then to Italy—to sing and starve. The "reminiscences" are like those told by cabin passengers to each other over a Welsh rabbit on a great Atlantic steamer when most of the passengers are asleep and a few choice spirits linger in the smoking-room over the parting "night-cap" and the gradually etherealizing "weed"—rambling, jerky, humorous, conversational, now and then didactic, but always stuffed with proper names occasionally tasselled with some piquant memory. The empty-busy life, the vast sea-journeys undertaken at the beck and call of itinerant "managers," the strange scenes and stranger faces of foreign countries visited, the disappointments, vexations and first-night failures, the operas and concert pieces studied in a hurry to take the places of others, the "engagements" fulfilled or broken in every part of the world, the rise and fall of brilliant stars—*basso, buffo, tenore or soprano*—all the vicissitudes of the singer's professional career are faithfully, often graphically, portrayed, and the portrait is—Santley's.

But not only Santley figures in these recollections; we have genial pen-and-ink portraits of Mario and his perennial

cigar; Viardot-Garcia, Grisi, Kellogg, Patti, Jenny Lind, Sims Reeves, in fact most of the melodious celebrities since 1856, often so fleetingly and fitfully limned that one catches only a line and the face disappears in a dissolving view. The pages are strewn here and there with disconnected hints to singers and professionals, some good, some questionable. A tour to America brings Santley in contact with New York pavements and the "American Oyster." More laurels than pence are the results of this journey, and he carries little back save vivid memories of "realism and the high C" (sea?). He married Miss Gertrude Kemble, and was engaged by Mapleson, Gye and others in English and Italian opera, during which he was congratulated by Gounod and witnessed Albani's magnificent singing and excessive nervousness. He sang with Jenny Lind in "Ruth" and met all sorts of queer and uncouth people on and off the stage—bumptious tenors, unmanageable *bassi*, flying Dutchmen, and still-life Italians. Miss Kellogg was a "perfect Gilda" to his Fraschini. The reminiscences indeed race from one opera to another and keep one breathless to the end.

#### "Life and Speeches of Sir Henry Maine"

*By Sir M. E. Grant Duff and Whitley Stokes. \$3.50. Henry Holt & Co.*

SIR HENRY MAINE was eminent in two different though related branches of activity, the one scientific, the other practical. He was an historical jurist of the first class, and also a leading agent in framing a system of laws for British India. Hitherto, however, the general public's knowledge of him has been mostly confined to the former department, his work as a practical legislator being known only to a few. The volume before us will serve to some extent to remedy this defect, and will enable those who know only his literary works to form some idea of his services in India.

The book has been prepared by two men who were associated for some time with Maine in the Indian government, so that they speak of this portion of his activity from personal knowledge. The memoir, by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, occupies only about eighty pages, and tells us less about the personality of the man than might have been expected; but his biographer pleads in excuse that Maine's life was rather void of incident and that he was not much addicted to writing letters. The leading events of his life, however, are duly set forth, and the main outlines of his varied work are well described. In early manhood he engaged for a time in journalism and in practice at the bar, but abandoned these professions for the more congenial work that made him famous. His book on Ancient Law was published in 1861, and it was in the following year that he went to India, where he remained for seven years as law member of the Viceroy's Council. Returning to England, he was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, and soon after became a Councillor in the home branch of the Indian Government, so that the two main departments of his activity were continued till his death. The estimate of his work that his biographer gives is judicious and fair, and such glimpses of his personal character as we get are pleasing.

The collection of speeches and minutes in this volume is edited by Mr. Whitley Stokes, who served in India at the same time with Maine, and afterwards filled the office of law member of the Council which Maine himself had held. They relate in great part to purely legal matters of interest chiefly to jurists and lawyers; but some of them deal with wider subjects and discuss important questions of general politics and morals. In all of them we discern the main characteristics of their author's mind, his strong grasp of principles and historical facts combined with clear conception of the practical interests involved. Thus, in discussing the question of divorce and the remarriage of Christian converts, he appeals to the practice of the early Christian church and the writings of St. Paul; and in treating the subjects of Indian education and the training of the Indian civil servants, he shows a familiar knowledge of educational principles and practice. In discussing the position of the native states of

India, he touches on the question of political sovereignty, taking ground very different from that of Austin and expressly saying that "sovereignty has always been regarded as divisible."

This book will be of interest to all readers of Maine's works, and its handsome appearance will make it an acquisition to any library.

#### "The Writings of Thomas Jefferson"

Collected and Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Vol. I. 1760-75. \$5 per vol. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS NEW UNDERTAKING of the Messrs. Putnam follows promptly after the editions of the writings of Washington and Jay (now completed except the final volumes) in the noble series devoted to the writings of the Fathers of the Republic, other sets in the series being the works of Hamilton and Franklin. With all these sets writings are given which the public never before possessed in any collective edition, and in some cases the additions are very numerous. But another important fact connected with them is the superior manner in which they have been edited. Modern methods have been employed, and the fruits of laborious investigation have been bestowed upon them. They not only supersede all former editions, but leave others far behind in the dim distance.

The editor of the new "Jefferson," Mr. Paul L. Ford, is a brother of the editor of the "Washington." Both have been indebted to their father, the late Gordon L. Ford, not only for friendly encouragement and advice, but for the aids which have come from the extensive American library to the gathering of which nearly all Mr. Ford's life was devoted. Before his death his son Paul had concluded to inscribe the Jefferson set to him, and now that he has passed out of the world, the inscription has been allowed to remain in its original form "as a memorial of his aid and sympathy beyond either description or acknowledgment."

In his introduction Mr. Ford acquaints us with facts showing the extent of the additions he has made to former collections. Some previous editors entirely omitted important papers, or omitted parts of them, or made serious alterations, the result being that when a document was printed it was not printed as Jefferson wrote it, entire perversions of the truth in some cases resulting. Mr. Ford has not only added very interesting documents, but has given us, or will give us, new letters in great profusion. For the early years before 1785 he has made a collection of 500, while previous editors have dismissed us with about 100. As a whole, Mr. Ford will present about as much new material as he will give old material, an achievement from which the public should derive lively satisfaction.

Instead of adopting a strictly chronological arrangement, Mr. Ford has first introduced the autobiography, following it with that piece of writing which Jefferson, with a curious plural, called his "Anas." A good portion of the volume is thus filled out, the remaining space being taken up by letters to John Page and a few public papers. These letters to Page reveal Jefferson's character in early life, and the youthfulness of them is very charming. The interest which they inspire is in strong contrast to that inspired by the changes made in the Declaration of Independence as pointed out in the autobiography. Special interest will also be taken in the political portions of the "Anas," where we have Jefferson's private views of Aaron Burr and two entertaining narratives concerning Jefferson's political relations to the man who shot Hamilton.

#### "Omoo"

A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas. A Sequel to "Typee." By Herman Melville. \$1.50. United States Book Co.

THE ENIGMATIC TITLE of Herman Melville's second celebrated romance is a Marquesan word meaning "rover" or wanderer, a word fitly characteristic of Polynesian Ithacans who wander from one coral-girt Pacific isle to another and stop Odysseus-like wherever a Calypso looms on the cerulean

horizon. In "Typee," the first of these remarkable *romans d'aventures*, the author described in true *trouvère* fashion the beauties of a wonderful vale of Tempe discovered by himself in the interior of an unknown island where a race of benign savages held temperate sway, where cocoa-palms and bread-fruit trees grew ambrosia for the brown-skinned gods, and where blue air and blue sea and blue shadows made perpetual azure harmonies for the soul to linger in. Here in delicious captivity the runaway sailors loitered happy months away among exquisitely tattooed creatures whose innocence, ingenuity and superstition rivalled each other and whose hospitality was only equalled by their sunny tempers.

Escaping, however, like true sons of Adam from this blissful captivity, one of the sailors is taken up by a ship; and here "Omoo," another tale of Pacific marvels and glories, begins, flowing as vividly and copiously from Melville's pen as the first epic of his youth. In it the author gives a memorable account of the horrors of the rotten sperm-whale ships of 50 years ago, their reckless crews, hardened officers and perennial foulness. The Julia was a type of her class, dilapidated, vermin-haunted, manned by miscellaneous ruffians from all four corners of the globe, and navigated by a drunken mate who hardly knew how to take an observation. The fo'-castle of such a vessel is hardly a bed of roses; but here our hero lies until the Julia in ruinous condition finally puts in at the Tahiti Islands, the paradise of the South Seas, and the crew are landed in irons to be tried for mutiny. Of course, no one would object to Eden for a prison, however long the imprisonment might last, unless it be angels fallen indeed and longing for the lost halls of Eblis. Here handcuffed and with feet in the stocks the Julia's crew make merry over their captive chains, play harps of gladness instead of hanging them on the willows, and revel in the beautiful air and quickening scenery of mountain-riven Tahiti. Our hero and the doctor escape at last from the stocks and make their way to an adjacent island lovelier even than the one they left, visiting Arcadian villages built of swaying bamboos, eating *poo-ee* and toasted bread-fruit, enjoying the boundless hospitality of the natives, visiting Queen Pomaree, hunting bullocks and witnessing the queer antics of the missionaries. In fact the latter are lashed with a red-hot scourge from one end of the book to the other, and are, according to Melville, the true money-changers in this glorious temple of Nature. The book is singularly graphic in its portrayals of Polynesian life, customs, *taboo*, simplicities and complications, and its republication in this new edition is most welcome.

#### "References for Literary Workers"

With Introductions to Topics, and Questions for Debate. By Henry Matson. \$3. A. C. McClurg & Co.

FROM CHICAGO comes a book called "References for Literary Workers." It represents a great deal of hard work and in certain directions may be very useful. The references are divided into a dozen groups—History, Literature and the like—and each of the groups is subdivided into a large number of debatable questions. The first glance is unfavorable; the book seems designed for the old-fashioned and obsolescent college debating society. Who are the "literary workers" that want references on such points as these:—"Is Bismarck a greater statesman than Gladstone?" "Was Beecher a greater preacher than Spurgeon?" And can it be possible that Chicago is debating the questions:—"Should Christians never attend the theatre?" "Is country life preferable, on the whole, to city life?" But if these futile questions be cut away—as it is to be hoped they will be, if a new edition is called for—the actual value of the book becomes apparent. Each question has its import set forth in a short note, and this comment is followed by a page or more of references—pertaining in most cases to the general subject rather than to the particular query: e.g. the Bismarck-Gladstone question has one series of references under Bismarck, the other under Gladstone. References are generally numerous although they do not pretend to be exhaustive; they are fie-



quently paginal, and are arranged alphabetically. Sins of omission are common. Under "Literature" less than forty names cover the period from Homer to Charles Dickens; five American authors are mentioned, but Lowell, Whitman, Holmes and Poe are not among them. "Art," which is made to include photography, engraving and music, has references to only two painters and three composers; "Modern Philosophy" takes no account of empirical psychology; and so on. It may be noted that although there are a goodly number of references to *The Critic*, the bibliography on the subject of "Woman's Intellect" does not include *The Critic's* anthology. The book will prove of far greater use to college students, hack-writers, overworked clergymen who have to carry courses of evening lectures, editors of small papers, and village debating-societies, than to those whose work is literary in the stricter sense.

#### New Books and New Editions

"LETTERS TO A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER," by Mrs. Bayard Taylor, is the bound volume of a series of papers which originally, we believe, appeared in the columns of the *Sunday Tribune*. The book is divided into twenty-four letters and has an admirable index. In the last letter the author has written out several excellent menus. The contents of the book are devoted to the choice of foods—their chemistry, their seasonability, their preparation, their preservation and their serving—to remarks on the value of true economy and thrift and often to the explanation of the different use that foreign countries make of the same food stuff. Mrs. Taylor is particularly well-equipped from her German birth and education and her familiarity with foreign culinary art to write a book of household guidance. We cannot, however, say that the volume supplies any place needing to be filled in culinary literature or makes a place of its own by any particularly new or original suggestions. Within the last ten years good living has become the rule in American families, and cookery books have sprung up like dragons' teeth throughout the land; but "Letters to a Young Housekeeper" will take its position among other authorities of its kind and help to illustrate the Latin saying of which the free translation is: "There can be no soul unless the body eats." (\$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"DRINKS OF THE WORLD," by James Mew and John Ashton, is the comprehensive and generous title of a volume that is full of curious information. It is a genuine British Museum book, compiled from all manner of sources, out of the way and close at hand, with a good deal of skill and (naturally) taste. It does not deal with the scientific side of the subject, nor the moral side, nor does it even assume the connoisseur's point of view: there are no statistics to speak of, the authors completing their work when they have amassed and arranged an immense number of interesting facts about potables. Beers and wines and liqueurs are traced to their sources, recipes are given, habits and customs of drinking are told, horns and mugs and pocula are described, and American drinks get an English chapter. The manufacture of champagne is graphically described; Spanish wines are dealt with sympathetically; American wines are relegated to a page, and there seems to be no chapter on water. But the book is not a barkeeper's vade-mecum, for a large part of it is devoted to non-alcoholic beverages. In the chapters on tea there is a good deal that is worth knowing and a great deal that is curious. The Australian colonies, it seems, drink more tea (per head) than any other nation in the world—producing countries excepted—and Greece drinks the least. The book is illustrated with woodcuts, many of them after cuts of early date. They are generally commented on in the text, with now and then a quiet joke thrown in. The cut of the American bartender needs no jesting comment; he is of the days of Mrs. Trollope. (\$6. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

NOW, WHILE ALL good Conservatives in Britain are hoping that Mr. Gladstone will enter Heaven during this year of grace, and, if possible, next week, anything throwing light, either by reflection or transmission, upon Ireland is in order. The title of the well-printed octavo, "Secret Service Under Pitt," hardly reveals its scope or contents. The author is J. Fitz Patrick, who has done so much to illuminate the modern history of Ireland. This "Irish Boswell" has already told the story of Ireland Before the Union, the Life and Times of Bishop Doyle, and of Daniel O'Connell, and of Lord Cloncurry. The present work admirably accompanies the work of Mr. Lecky, and fills with moving interest his picture of the eighteenth century. Indeed Mr. Lecky often quotes Fitz Patrick. By lifting the veil and unlocking the visor, the author often reveals features that are a surprise. In notable instances he furnishes the clues

that baffled Froude, or the sequels to stories that are only partly known. While Mr. Fitz Patrick's story is not "as fascinating as a novel"—especially one of Froude's historical novels—he makes the documents and records narrate wonderful doings of Whigs and Tories, and of Irish, Scotch and Englishmen who plotted and counterplotted late in the last century and early in this. Indirectly the book is a tribute to the abilities of Pitt, and preaches a powerful sermon against "secret" societies whose proceedings get duly reported to their enemies. "The wider the ramifications of conspiracy the greater becomes the certainty of detection." (\$4.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE CENTENARY OF KENTUCKY has been nobly celebrated by her sons and daughters, and the literary memorial is now before us. It is handsomely printed on a wide-margined antique paper, with temporary covers, and is a fine specimen of the typographer's art. It is classified as number seven of the Filson Club publications. Wednesday, June 1, 1892, was the happy day, and a full account of the proceedings at Louisville is given in attractive literary style. Besides the poem, portraits, music text, menu, list of guests, members, etc., there is a most valuable historical address by President Durrett. This is the gem of the work, and is a sketch in accurate lines and brilliant colors of the settlement and history of the traditional "dark and bloody ground," which turns out to mean something else. The notes are nuts, and richly repay the cracking. Of La Salle's possible hatchet, and of Daniel Boone's blacksmith-made gun, it is good to read in these days of machinery-miracles. Next to the Pennsylvania Swiss, the Kentuckians developed the power and accuracy of the rifle. Boone's rifle still shoots well, and so we trust will the Filson Club. The members have hit the bull's eye with this charming souvenir. (\$2. Robert Clarke & Co.)—"THE CHEMISTRY OF PHOTOGRAPHY," by W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., is intended to make the study and practice of the art educational as well as amusing. But there are few divisions of the science of chemistry more interesting than that which has regard to the effects of light on the higher compounds. Mr. Harrison gives a good general sketch of the history and present condition of chemistry generally, and photographic chemistry in particular, and then goes on to the practical application of chemical rules and methods to the problems that arise in every photographic studio. (Scovill & Adams Co.)

"THE CHETWYND OF INGESTRE," by H. E. Chetwynd-Stapylton, traces the history of a Shropshire family from 1180. In that year the first of the family, Adam de Chetwynd, was in possession of a number of manors, the chief of which, Chetwynd, had once belonged to the Lady Godiva. About the middle of the fourteenth century Chetwynd passed over in a rather curious way to the Peshall family. The last Chetwynd of the first line was a priest, and as such could not inherit; neither could his daughter, though born in wedlock, be considered a legal heiress. So he granted back the land to his father with remainder to "Richard de Peshall and his wife Joan." Joan was the priest's daughter, and so the land was kept from the Church. Long before this, however, a cadet of the Chetwynd family had established a line at Ingestre (in Stafford) which for over five hundred years remained a family possession. There were also Chetwynds of Alspath, and Grendon, and Rudge, and this history records their names and deeds. The story is interesting, but not strikingly so, for the family has been of high standing rather than of high importance. Then, the author has not allowed himself free sweep in the parts of his history that would have lent themselves to literary treatment. Not the least interesting things in the book are the two score of drawings, many of them of the old English houses of the family. (\$4.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

"THE THEORY OF WAGES and its Application," by Herbert M. Thompson, is one more attempt to discover the law or laws that determine wages and the other shares of the product of industry. The author rejects the wage-fund theory, as almost all economists now do; and he also disagrees with Prof. Walker's view, which regards wages as the residuum after rent, interest and profits have been deducted. He maintains in opposition to Mill that demand for commodities is demand for labor, and gives good reasons for thinking so. We have always regarded Mill's view as mistaken, and are not surprised that Mr. Thompson follows Prof. Marshall in thinking so too. With our author's own theory, however, we confess ourselves not satisfied. He holds that the distribution of wealth among the agents of production follows the law of supply and demand, and that the share of each is a varying proportion of a varying product. He then proceeds to show how, according to this theory, wages and the other constituents of the national income will vary with changes in population, increase of capital, etc., illustrating his views with many numerical examples. But he does not, so far as we can discern, show what is the actual proportion of the different shares at any given time nor how that proportion can be

determined. Nevertheless, there is much in his discussion that will interest those who are studying the problem he deals with; and he writes with good temper and seriousness. (§1. Macmillan & Co.)—"THE ETHIC OF USURY AND INTEREST," by the Rev. W. Blissard, is an attempt to draw the line between such interest as the author deems just and such as he thinks exorbitant. We cannot think, however, that the attempt is successful. Mr. Blissard tells us that usury arises from underpaid labor; but unfortunately he fails to give any criterion by which we may know when labor is underpaid and when it is paid enough. Nor do we find any striking originality in the remedies he would apply with the object of preventing such increase of wealth and profit as he thinks excessive; the principal measures he proposes being a high rate of taxation on the incomes of large capitalists and restrictions on the right of bequest. The whole book seems to us too largely the product of sentiment, with too slight a grasp of practical affairs. (§1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

"THE DIARY AND LETTERS of Madame D'Arblay" (Frances Burney), with Notes, by W. C. Ward, seems to us an ideal popular edition of a somewhat voluminous classic. The seven volumes of the English edition of 1842-1846, though indispensable to every first-class library, are too ponderous and costly for the majority of buyers and readers. Mr. Ward has done well in preparing this abridgment of the work, which will be found to include all the most valuable and interesting passages of the original in three volumes. It is, moreover, to his credit that he has scrupulously regarded Madame D'Arblay's injunction to her former editor, "that whatever might be effaced or omitted, nothing should in anywise be altered or added to her records." It was also a happy thought to preface the work with Macaulay's brilliant essay, which is given without abridgment. The copious, biographical, historical and other notes by the editor will be even more useful to the average reader, who would find many passages of the diary and letters quite unintelligible without them. We have called the work a classic, and such it has long been acknowledged. As a series of pictures of the society of the time it is unsurpassed, if not unequalled. It is singular that no popular edition of it has appeared before. This one is so excellent in its way, and the publishers have brought it out in such tasteful form, that it is not likely to be soon superseded. (§2.25 and §3. F. Warne & Co.)

MR. C. M. WILLIAMS has just issued "A Review of the Systems of Ethics Founded on the Theory of Evolution." The first part of the work is a summary of the ethical theories of leading evolutionary thinkers, such as Darwin, Spencer and Stephen in England, Rolph, Carneri and others in Germany, and the Danish philosopher Höffding. Some of them, such as Höffding and Gizycki, can only be classed as evolutionists by some stretching of language, their doctrine being merely a form of utilitarianism; they are, however, among the most important of the thinkers whose doctrines are here set forth. This part of Mr. Williams's work is well done; for though he refrains for the most part from criticising the various systems that he here expounds, he presents them fairly and so as to give a clear idea of their significance and importance. Of the second part of his book, which contains a statement of his own views, we cannot speak so favorably. It is simply a rambling discourse, containing a good deal about evolution and a little about ethics, but showing a very imperfect conception of what ethical problems really are. The subjects of right and wrong, conscience and obligation are rather more unsatisfactorily dealt with than is usually the case in evolutionary treatises; and the book leaves us in no small doubt as to what its author's views on these points really are. His discussion of egoism and altruism is equally unsatisfactory, and he attempts the impossible task of deriving altruism from egoism. Some of his remarks on practical matters, too, are obviously unsound; as, for instance, when he says on page 544 that "it is perfectly true that, if you can abolish poverty, you will also have abolished crime and sin." Does Mr. Williams seriously believe that rich men never do any wrong? On the whole, we do not think that his work will add anything to the reputation of evolutionary ethics. (§2.60. Macmillan & Co.)

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY looks strange in anything but the familiar crinkly blue cloth, but the new dress is an improvement, and no doubt we shall soon get used to it. Two recent volumes of the admirable series are devoted to Arthur Young's "Tour in Ireland" (1776-1779), edited with introduction and notes by Mr. Arthur W. Hutton and a bibliography of Young's works by Mr. John P. Anderson of the British Museum. The book was first published by subscription in a quarto volume in 1780, and was immediately reprinted in Dublin in two octavo volumes. A second English edition, in similar form, appeared the same year; but there has been no reprint of the whole work till now, though extracts and abstracts have been published from time to time. It is curious that

Young has received more attention in France, where an abridged edition of his "Travels" has for many years been used as a school text-book. It was the plan of the present publishers to compress the work into a single volume, but the editor persuaded them to reproduce it complete. He admits, however, that the majority of readers will skip much of it which has no intrinsic value. It is largely an account of the agricultural condition of the country, but interspersed among the farming details is a deal of curious and interesting information concerning the social, industrial and political life of the period, making it an important contribution to the literature of the "Irish question." (§2. Macmillan & Co.)—THE INDEFATIGABLE "Q. P." (Mr. W. M. Griswold) has gathered up his selections of tourist sketches on "Switzerland" in a volume similar to those on "Italy" and "Germany," which we have aforetime commended. The appended notes bring the practical information as to routes, conveyances, etc., down to the present year—an improvement in that respect upon portions of the other books. (§1.25. W. M. Griswold.)

#### Magazine Notes

A PORTRAIT of Tennyson from Mayall's photograph, which seems to be the favorite one of the poet, has been engraved by T. Johnson and is the frontispiece of the February *Century*. The opening article of the number is "An Embassy to Provence," by Thomas A. Janvier, with illustrations by A. Castaigne, and describes some of the author's delightful experiences in that poetic quarter of France. We will not go so far as to say that it is as good as a visit to the country described, but we will say that it is the next best thing, and we hope that there is going to be more of it. Miss Grace King's "Balcony Stories," which have a charm of their own that is not without its French flavor, follow, and then comes an instalment of "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," for which the readers of this magazine count the days as the months roll round. There are touches in this story that only Mrs. Harrison can give, and there is a cleverness of characterization that we have not had since "The Anglomaniacs" set its readers agog. To the lovers of music the article on Liszt, by Camille Saint-Saëns, will be the attraction of the number, while lovers of the drama will turn at once to the "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini," in which he tells about acting with Ristori and about seeing Rachel act. The portrait of Salvini that accompanies this text is vigorous as a drawing, but is not very good as a likeness of the great actor. In "The Lustigs," a character sketch, Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer appears in a new rôle, but she plays it so easily that one would not suspect that she was a débutante. Pierre Botkine, Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, lifts "A Voice for Russia." Dr. Henry van Dyke's "The Voice of Tennyson" is an article that we have been waiting for with some impatience and in which we are not disappointed. Dr. van Dyke does not gossip about the poet "disliking that kind of valet literature as sincerely as he did," but he gives us a view of him for which we are very grateful. A stanza from "The Mourning Dove," by Miss Edith M. Thomas, which originally appeared in *The Critic*, is accompanied by a sympathetic illustration by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote. "Goliath" is the name of one of those short stories that only Mr. Aldrich can write and which are so easily done by him that we wonder—till we try—why we cannot do likewise. There are other stories in the number, and some poetry and descriptive articles—one by Mr. C. C. Buel which gives a more personal view of the state of things at the World's Fair grounds than have other articles on the same subject.

To the February *Forum* Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, the new poet, to whose "Century of Sonnets" Dr. S. Weir Mitchell drew attention in a late number of the same magazine, contributes a hopeful article on "The Future of Poetry." He defends the poetic three R's (rhyme, rhythm and reason) against the assaults of the glorifiers of plain prose on the one hand, and the writers of unintelligible verse on the other. Like Mr. Herbert Spencer, he believes that the principal value of poetic form is in compelling condensation of thought. Unlike the late Sidney Lanier, he sets little store on such music as it is possible to obtain in English verse. Binet would class Mr. Moore's with the "plastic type" of mind, for he acknowledges that, to him, "a word is an *eidolon*, an image, very much more than a sound"; while Lanier's, he would say, was of the auditory group, and Walt Whitman's even more plastic than Mr. Moore's. Poetry has deteriorated in England since the beginning of the century, Mr. Moore thinks; and American poetry is but a feeble echo of the English. The outlook is not brilliant; poets are not likely to be inspired by the socialistic revolution which aims at luxury, not at liberty. Still "it is ill prophesying when one does not know"; the great poet may arise any day. Perhaps he has already arisen, but Mr. Moore does not say so. Of "The Art of Writing History" Mr. W. E. H. Lecky offers an exposition and an



example. The model historian should especially cultivate the art of accurate shading. He should not reserve all his strong and vivid epithets for the misdeeds of the one party to a dispute, and all his vague, general and comparatively colorless epithets for those of the other party. The biographical element is always the most uncertain; it is not easy to depict truthfully the inner moral life of a people; and its public life, its institutions, laws and military history may be described with some confidence; yet the historian, in describing events, should not fail to take into account the ideal of the time in which they occurred. And the writer proceeds to sketch in a masterly way the changes in European ideals of conduct from pre-Christian times down to the Crusades. Mr. Marion Crawford draws about him a cloud of ancient metaphysics and recent psychology, from out of which he enunciates the law regarding "Emotional Tension and the Modern Novel." If we understand him, he means to say that the novelist must depict stronger emotions than the ordinary to arouse attention; but to retain attention there must be something deeper and more permanent than passing emotion—something which he calls "heart." There are articles by David A. Wells on "Tariff Reform"; by Dr. J. S. Billings on "Medicine as a Career"; by Dr. J. M. Rice on "The Public Schools of Boston," and by John C. Wickliffe on "Negro Suffrage."

The February number of *Harper's Magazine* has a particularly literary flavor, owing largely to the notes on the life and friendships of Whittier, by Mrs. James T. Fields, and the Rev. John W. Chadwick's "Recollections of George William Curtis." In the latter Mr. Chadwick describes Mr. Curtis's Staten Island home, where the immediate surroundings were as countrylike as at Ashfield, but with a more stately and old-fashioned loveliness of embowering shade. The interior had the friendliest aspect; an environment, by long and happy use, fitting the man as closely as his glove. The study was always suffering from a congestion of books. It was a work-shop, with no attempt to put on imposing airs. He wrote, not at his desk, but sitting in a Shaker rocking-chair, with a pad upon his knee; seldom at Harper & Brothers', where he went on Thursdays to correct his proofs in the composing-room, his abstraction making for him "an island which no sea could overwhelm." His study and his house bespoke his interest in men and women: there were busts and portraits everywhere, above stairs and below; a big Carlyle glooming above the mantel in the dining-room; a strong, free pen-and-ink drawing of Wendell Phillips in the study, the most memorable thing of all. The books close at his hand were all the American and English histories; and if no "thumb marks thick on the margin proclaimed where the battle was hottest," there was no lack of visible signs.

Other interesting contributions are Mr. Andrew Lang's comments on "Twelfth Night," "Bristol in the Time of Cabot," by John B. Shipley, and "Tio Juan," a story by Maurice Kingsley (son of the author of "Westward, Ho!"), and Julian Ralph's picturesque account of America's most picturesque city—"New Orleans, our Southern Capital"—with characteristic illustrations by W. T. Smedley.

Miriam Coles Harris, in *Lippincott's* for February, does not see why, with breaches of all the other Commandments to describe, novelists should continually harp upon infractions of the Seventh alone. Dante, she thinks, would never have become immortal if he had not had much to say about other matters than his love for Beatrice. But how about Petrarch's case? Byron is neglected, because he put his gift to unwholesome uses; but Wordsworth is just as much neglected, except by a few. The fact is, to excite attention, writing must be emotional, and the great spring of emotion, at least in our times, is love. In the *Journalist Series*, Mr. John Russell Young writes of Bennett, Greeley, Raymond and others as the "men who reigned" in other days. The novelette of the number is "The First Flight," by Julian Gordon. Karl Blind has an article on "The Russian Approach to India," and there are illustrated papers on "Wrestling" and "The New Philadelphia."—*Garden and Forest* for 1892 makes a stout volume full of interesting and valuable articles on horticulture, landscape art and forestry. The perforation of flowers by bees; new or little-known plants such as the Begonia Baumannii; old colonial summerhouses and New England parks are among the subjects illustrated and treated of. There are numerous large, half-toned plates showing the pepino in fruit; the great madrona-tree of San Rafael; Erica hymenalis, a new Cape heath; the golden-leaved oak of the Sierra Nevada; a spruce forest on the coast of Maine; a group of populus trichocarpa in the Yosemite Valley; the rock garden at Kew; the terrace at Haddon Hall, and many other interesting trees, plants and places. Departments on entomology, botany, gardening, diseases of plants, will be found to contain much that is new and important.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Old Kaskaskia" grows in interest as it proceeds, in the February *Atlantic*, to deal with Col. Ménard's suit for Angélique and to deal out his salt to the needy settlers. And the second part of "Penelope's English Experiences," as related by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is, also, better than the first. Penelope's landlady, Mrs. 'Obbes of 'Olly 'Ouse, her raw chicken and her bill, are doubly humorous because seer, through distorting spectacles. If Penelope doesn't wear spectacles, she ought to. Mr. Parkman brings his version of the story of "The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia" to a close. Mr. George E. Ellis reviews with a serious air the facts in the case of that lucky jack-of-all-trades, the American Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford. Mr. Horace Davis shows that "Shakespeare and Copyright" have had little to do with one another, and that the fact is even now regrettable for, if he had been as much interested in the printing of his plays as he probably was in the printing of his poems, the Shakespearian editor would be out of work. Mr. Julius H. Ward points out the imminent danger in which the White Mountain forests stand from the reckless operations of lumber barons and wood-pulp men. He names names; and thinks that timber owners should be prevented by law from felling trees less than twelve inches in diameter at the base. William Edward Mead treats of Iceland as a country in which many books are read and few are produced. Albert Gillette Hyde describes "The English Cambridge in Winter"; Louis Herrick Wall has an account of camping-out experiences "Under the Far-West Greenwood Tree"; and Richard Hovey reviews the works of the poet, Thomas William Parsons, with special reference to his translation of Dante.

The "Personal Recollections of Charles Sumner," by the Marquis de Chambrun (written in 1874), in *Scribner's* for February, deal mostly with his stand on the Negro suffrage question and reconstruction. The number is mostly given over to records of travel—"From Spanish Light to Moorish Shadow," by Alfred Jerome Weston; "From Venice to the Gross-Venediger," by Henry van Dyke; and we may include "Impressions of a Decorator in Rome," by Frederic Crowninshield. Mr. Weston has the accustomed tale of travellers in the East; of donkeys, camels, lazy Moors and Jewish hours who dance a scarf-dance for his benefit. Mr. van Dyke has dissolving views of the Dolomites, the valley of the Piave, and Titian's birthplace. Mr. Crowninshield's travels are only from Raphael's *Stanza* to the Sistine chapel and back again, but he manages to pat a few great artists on the back by the way. Travellers usually assume the right to speak patronizingly of the people they have been among, which, in general, is natural enough since most of those they meet are hotel-keepers and waiters; but, really, we should draw the line before coming to Michael Angelo. E. H. and F. W. Blashfield do so, for they speak of their ideal "Florentine Artist," who, not being Michael Angelo, must be something less, with much respect. Octave Thanet continues her "Stories of a Western Town"; Mrs. Burnett her "Memory of the Mind of a Child"; T. R. Sullivan contributes a short story, "To Her"; and Edith M. Thomas and Louise Chandler Moulton short poems.

## London Letter

A DEATH which would have created something of a sensation in London sixty years ago has been suffered to pass almost without a comment within the last few days. Sixty-two years ago, Fanny Kemble, the daughter of Charles Kemble, a niece of Philip and also of Mrs. Siddons, then in the zenith of her fame, was in a manner the "talk o' the town." She was young, pretty, and, as far as dramatic talent went, gloriously descended. Many declared that she would out-Siddons Siddons. Such things have been said of youthful offshoots of every house which boasts a distinguished member. Wiseacres are eager to be first in the field; and while ordinary mortals are content to admire and applaud the genius which has won its spurs, these clever busybodies are running about to everyone saying, "Ah, but have you seen or heard So-and-So (the sprouting)? He, or she, will quite throw the fame of the other (the accredited celebrity) into the shade!"

And so Fanny Kemble was to have thrown Mrs. Siddons in the shade, and all London flocked to see "Juliet," "Belvidera" and "Lady Townley"; and poor Charles Kemble, who was always in debt, found himself, to his no small surprise, able to pay off thirteen thousand pounds of it at the end of the season which produced the new star. But alas! there is such a thing as, we all know, the rocket which comes down a stick; and after a few years of stage success, people began to find out that there was very little of the rocket left about the pretty creature who had cheated them of their plaudits. In 1834 Fanny Kemble's career was suddenly interrupted by her marriage with a planter, Mr. Butler, and for thirteen years she was as though she had not been. Then upon her

endeavoring to rekindle the flame on the scene of her infantile triumphs, she found not a spark remained. With scarcely more success she took to declaiming from Shakespeare (and delivered a series of readings in Willis's Rooms) and also to literature, producing a number of readable volumes, of which the "Records of a Girlhood"—her own life—was by far the most popular, and deservedly so.

But for years the world has heard nothing of Fanny Kemble; she was never to be met in society; she disliked theatrical life, and strove to disassociate herself from it; and when she did come forward publicly it was as a reader, and hardly a successful one. To hear of her death, which took place at the house of her son-in-law, Canon Leigh, on Sunday night, will perhaps elicit a sigh from those old enough to recall the "first night" of the youthful prodigy of the Kemble race; but Mrs. Butler had, we fear, long outlived being an object of even secondary interest with the public.

On the other hand, the demise of the venerable and distinguished Sir Richard Owen has made quite a stir in scientific and literary circles. No time has been lost in calling together a brilliant assemblage whose names, with scarce an exception, are known to fame, in order to decide upon the most fitting memorial to be raised to one who has been by many designated as "the successor and continuator of Cuvier." The meeting which was held on Saturday last in the rooms of the Royal Society was presided over by the Prince of Wales, who spoke, as his Royal Highness always knows how to speak, aptly and gracefully, but whose present remarks were distinguished by a warmth of feeling and a ring of genuine sincerity, which was immediately appreciated by his audience, who were aware of the bond of friendship which had subsisted from his boyhood between the Prince and the eminent zoologist.

From another point of view, Professor Huxley's was the most interesting speech of the afternoon. "More than forty years ago," said he, "I had occasion as a young man to look abroad upon the scientific world of London, to see whether, perhaps, some small and insignificant corner of it might be found for me. At that time there were four persons whose names stood out amongst the first galaxy of scientific men of the century. They were those of Sir John Herschell, Mr. Faraday, Sir Charles Lyell, and lastly, though by no means least, the famous Hunterian Professor, Richard Owen." The speaker then went on to say that the same eminent position attached to Owen abroad as at home; that on him, more than on any other, the mantle of Cuvier had fallen, and that whether for extent, or thoroughness, or variety of work, Owen held his place among all. Professor Huxley wound up by saying that he rejoiced in this movement to preserve the memory of the "great work achieved by Owen's stupendous powers of acquisition, his wonderful sagacity in interpretation, and his untiring strivings in the cause of science." The memorial, it is believed, will take the form of a piece of sculpture to be placed in the Natural History Museum.

A novel idea, but one which will hardly commend itself to English people, comes to us from Frankfort. The Society of Authors and of Journalists in that city, being exercised in mind how to render assistance to the poorer brethren of the community, have hit on the notion of an autograph sale—the autographs to be those of living celebrities, kindly contributed free for the purpose. In short, it is a sort of charity auction; and the German writers of eminence appear to have responded cordially and unhesitatingly to the whim. But query, if autographs of living celebrities become marketable articles, will that diminish the autograph craze, or will it increase the same?

Among books, I have two to recommend to different classes of readers. One upon English Book-Plates, a subject which has hitherto received but little attention, is exceedingly interesting to lovers of the curious. Lord de Tabley wrote such a book some time ago—one which, by the way, is not out of print, as the author of the present volume, yclept "English Book-Plates; an Illustrated Handbook for Students of Ex-Libris," seems to think. Lord de Tabley was Mr. Leicester Warren when he wrote his "Guide to the Study of Book-Plates" thirteen years ago; and this branch of art has greatly developed in the interval. A number of quaint, original and striking book-plates have been produced. In place of being content with the book-plates in ordinary use (a scroll with a coat-of-arms, crest, motto, or initials), the fastidious owner of a library must needs have something choice designed for him by a distinguished R.A.; so that Mr. Christopher Sykes has had one devised by no less a person than Sir John Millais—and where Millais leads none need disdain to follow. [See page 82.—EDS. CRITIC.]

I note in *The St. James's Gazette* an amusing article on the subject of these book-plates, with illustrations. That which Pepys used for his collection is reproduced, and is certainly a gorgeous specimen, and, we learn, also very rare. That of Carlyle resembles an escutcheon, and there is something rather pompously plain in the "From the Library of Charles Dickens," which was to be found inside the boards of every volume at Gad's Hill. We do not hear

of Thackeray's possessing a book-plate for himself, but he designed one for his friend Edward Fitzgerald. Many other book-plates, both ancient and modern, are reproduced in Mr. Castle's book, which comes to me from Messrs. Bell & Sons. The other volume for which I wish to say a good word is one of Political Gossip, and as Political Gossip always has and always will have a species of fascination for certain minds, I feel confident that many will be glad to know of "Twenty Years in Parliament," by Mr. Torrens, published by Messrs. Bentley & Sons, if they have not heard of it before. The first of the above named is a book to buy; the second, a book to read. *Voilà la différence!*

"I don't wish to be disagreeable," as the Private Secretary says; but it is alleged on good authority that a rich American has been attempting to bribe the workmen engaged in pulling down the old warehouse in which is fixed the celebrated Panyer Stone—the stone which for 200 years has marked the highest point of the City of London—with the object of getting them to exchange the old relic for a modern stone; which exchange, if effected, would have been the means of enriching the said workmen's pockets to the tune of 50*l*. Whether actuated by honesty or prudence, history sayeth not; but John Bull refused to be corrupted, and informed the city authorities of the attempt; since when a guard has been placed upon the veritable and original stone. Who the "rich American" was, and to what quarter of the United States the Panyer Stone would have been conveyed had the little transfer been effected, remains unknown.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

I NOTICE THAT *The Critic's* reviewer, who wrote interestingly regarding the new work, "Famous Composers and Their Works," said nothing about one of Boston's writers on music whose article is considered one of the four chief articles in the entire work. It was not any slip on the part of the reviewer, for through one of those unfortunate exigencies which arise in the publication of a subscription-book in parts (unfortunate especially for the author), the Mozart article is as yet unfinished in the printed portion, and therefore gives no clew to its authorship. As a fact it was written by Mr. Philip Hale, one of the most accomplished musical critics of Boston and a gentleman whose writings on musical subjects are as bright as they are valuable. He is one of the few men of those I know who, after vigorously condemning certain features in a musician's playing, has received honest letters of thanks for so accurately pointing out errors. Such an acceptance of criticism reflects credit on the true artist and the critic as well. In this new book, besides writing the Mozart article, he has collaborated with Prof. Paine in writing the life of Beethoven and has also prepared articles on Bizet and Glinka.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody will regret to hear that he received an injury last week which necessitated careful attention for several days. At last reports he was much improved. Dr. Peabody is a member of the famous Wednesday Club, a social organization which includes a limited number of gentlemen from various professions, and which recently celebrated its one hundredth birthday. Each member in turn gives a dinner to the other members, and on last Wednesday the dinner was held at the Union Club House in Boston. While in the ante-room of the house Dr. Peabody accidentally slipped and fell on the stairs, receiving a severe cut in the head besides a shock which to a man of his years was cause for solicitude.

At Harvard to-day the Rev. Washington Gladden is carrying on the work which Phillips Brooks, as one of the Chaplains of the College, helped lay down. Dr. Gladden is well known to literary people through his works, "Who Wrote the Bible?", "What is the New Theology?", "The Use and Abuse of Parties," and others of educational and religious aim. He is the pastor of the Congregational Church at Columbus, Ohio, and has come East, I understand, especially to take part in the religious work at Harvard. Although born in Pennsylvania, he is of New England ancestry and is a graduate of Williams College, so that he has a warm feeling in his heart for the East. I believe that in his early days he was a reporter.

The University Extension movement which the Harvard men are carrying on in Cambridge is very successful, I am told. The number attending at the Prospect Union is about one hundred men, while there are twenty instructors active in the work. Among those announced for the lecture course I notice Col. T. W. Higginson, whose subject is "The Aristocracy of the Dollar"; Prof. A. R. Marsh, who is to speak about "The Political and Social Institutions of Spain," and Prof. W. J. Ashley, who talks on recent English poetry.

Dartmouth alumni are much pleased over the choice of Prof. Tucker for the presidency of the New Hampshire College. The position was offered him once before, but he declined to take it,



so that his present acceptance is somewhat in the line of a sacrifice on his part. Dr. Tucker, who was chosen to his new position last Friday, is one of the professors at Andover Seminary who shared with President Smyth the attack on the charge of non-conformity with the Andover Creed. He is a graduate of Dartmouth and of the Seminary, and has preached in Manchester, N. H., and in New York. He is now fifty-four years of age, and therefore goes to his new position with all the vigor of experienced manhood. Prof. Tucker intends to unify the College as much as possible by consolidating the Chandler School with the college proper, to introduce a greater variety of electives, to enlarge a system of specialization, and to obtain economy in instruction by classifying the curriculum into three courses, the academic, the Latin scientific and the Chandler scientific, without at the same time reducing the number of instructors.

At Boston University a colored man has been honored in the same way that Harvard has already honored members of the race. Thomas N. Baker of Eastville, Va., has been selected as a Commencement speaker—the first Negro thus to be elected at that College. Mr. Baker is about thirty-two years of age and was born a slave. His father and six brothers became soldiers in the War. His own early education came from his mother's instruction, she teaching him from the only book they had in their possession, the Bible. He served as a "farmer's boy" until he was twenty-one, and then attended the school at Hampton, working during the day and attending the school at night. Before entering Boston University he taught his own people in the Dismal Swamp and studied at Mr. Moody's school at Mt. Hermon. It is Mr. Baker's intention to study theology at the Yale Divinity School, and then to preach among his own people at the South.

Next Wednesday Hezekiah Butterworth, whom we all know so well as a story writer as well as the editor of *The Youth's Companion*, is to deliver an address at his native town, Warren, R. I., in behalf of a movement for the erection of monuments over the historic spots in that vicinity. Mr. Butterworth, I understand, is very much interested in the old Indian legends of the town, and indeed has made a number of them the texts for his stories. Near Warren live now the last two survivors of the royal line of Indians whom Massasoit commanded.

The effort to purchase the birthplace of Daniel Webster has taken definite shape in a resolution introduced into the New Hampshire Legislature calling for an appropriation of \$3000 for that purpose. The estate, situated in Franklin, is at present owned by the heirs of the late Judge Nesmith, the intimate friend of Webster. Though it was the Judge's desire that the birthplace should be retained forever in its original condition, yet it is said that the property will soon go into the market. There are nearly 150 acres in the old Webster farm, and the rough made house in which Webster was born now forms the ell of the homestead on the farm. Over the site of the original building (where now only the cellar is to be seen) stands a block of granite erected according to a provision in the will of Judge Nesmith bearing this inscription: "This rock marks the site of the house in which Daniel Webster was born, Jan. 18, 1782." It is very probable the New Hampshire Legislature will purchase the place.

BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### The Kindergarten Association's Work

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the New York Kindergarten Association at the Plaza Hotel, all the old officers were re-elected for 1893, with the exception of Mrs. Sidney Webster, whose place was filled by the election of Mrs. Wiggin. The Board now stands:—Richard Watson Gilder, President; Mrs. Grover Cleveland, 1st Vice-President; Hamilton W. Mabie, 2d Vice-President; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, 3d Vice-President; Prof. Jasper T. Goodwin, Treas., Columbia College; Daniel S. Remsen, Corresponding Sec., 69 Wall Street; Edward A. Darling, Recording Sec., Columbia College. Mrs. Kate D. Davis has been made Superintendent of the Association's kindergartens. Her office is at 9 University Place. We publish the President's address in full:—

"After only three years of active life the New York Kindergarten Association is to be congratulated upon success in three directions. "First, its own kindergartens have increased rapidly in number, the Annual Report of 1891 recording two; the report of 1892 recording three; the report of 1893 having to record eleven.

"Second, the New York Board of Education by a vote of eighteen to one has adopted the kindergarten system, and now within a few weeks the Board of Estimate and Apportionment has granted an extra appropriation to the School Board of \$5000 with which to begin the experiment, if experiment it should be called. It should be added that in the Board of Education itself may now be found some of the warmest and most intelligent advocates of the kindergarten; and that the new President of the Board has publicly expressed the

deepest interest in the subject and has announced that the kindergarten system will be promptly introduced into every primary school where the accommodations are sufficient. Educators who have been eagerly watching this movement in the chief city of our country, and who have known of the special difficulties of the situation, have expressed themselves as not only gratified but surprised at the progress made in so short a time.

"Third, we are to be congratulated upon the extension of the kindergarten idea not only here but in other communities, and throughout the country—partly the result of the agitation in New York.

"There is one phase of the subject that, to thoughtful minds, has especial significance. The interest in the kindergarten system created by this Association in this community, and the adoption of the system by the public schools of the city, have called renewed attention to our entire public school system. Numbers of our citizens have by this means been led to a new and keener appreciation of the tremendous importance of our public schools in the life of the metropolis. Through an interest in the kindergarten, thousands are awakening to an interest—intelligent and alert—in the enormous educational machine under the control of our local authorities. While experts and public-spirited men and women have long been studying this subject and urging advancement and reform, the ranks of those who watch, and study, and demand have been, during the last three years, very greatly augmented. For the intelligent advocate of the kindergarten is not a mere advocate of the establishment of kindergartens; he or she is an advocate of *education*—of the best and truest education, beginning in the kindergarten and extending through every grade of our systems, both of private and public instruction.

"It is the aim of the New York Kindergarten Association to keep up a high standard in its own schools; and it earnestly hopes that in the public school kindergartens the standard will suffer no impairment. The public authorities will find the very warmest support in the Association in their efforts to do this new work in the most thorough and scientific spirit.

"Meantime, there is plenty of work—and will be for a long time, if not forever, in this great city—for this Association, outside of the public schools; and surely we have every reason to enter upon our new year with gratitude, courage and enthusiasm."

### The Loubat Prize

PRESIDENT LOW of Columbia has issued the following circular:—

"Mr. Joseph F. Loubat has established, at Columbia College, two prizes, a first prize of \$1000 and a second of \$400, for the best works published in the English language upon the history, geography, archaeology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North America. The competition for these prizes is open, under the deed of gift, to all persons, whether connected with Columbia College or not, and whether citizens of the United States or of any other country. The first award will be made at the close of the present year for the best works published since January 1, 1888. No works will be considered save such as rest upon original research and constitute a distinct contribution to science. In order to ensure consideration of their works, authors are invited to send copies to the President of Columbia College not later than June 1, 1893; but the competition will not be restricted to works thus submitted. Copies of the regulations adopted by the Trustees can be obtained from the President's Secretary.

"Mr. Loubat has provided a permanent endowment for these prizes, which will make it possible to award them at least every five years. Beginning with the competition of 1898, it has been decided to divide the above list of subjects into two groups, in which the award will be made alternately. These groups will consist, respectively, of history, geography and numismatics, and of archaeology, ethnology and philology. It has also been decided that, after the present year, Mr. Loubat's foundation shall be employed to stimulate research, and not simply to reward the authors of meritorious works published without reference to these prizes. Early in 1894 the group of subjects selected for the competition of 1898 will be made known, and a number of topics will be announced to which the competition will be primarily restricted. That is, the College will call for the investigation of certain questions and the publication of the results, and the best works produced in answer to this call, if of sufficient value, will receive the prizes. But if no works upon the topics suggested seem worthy of an award, the prizes will be adjudged to the best works falling within the general group of subjects designated for the period.

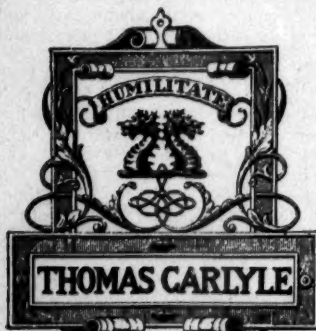
"It is hoped that Mr. Loubat's generous foundation will serve to encourage American research in a field that is peculiarly our own, but in which much of the best work has hitherto been done by strangers."

## Book-Plates of Some English Authors



MR. DOBSON'S BOOK-PLATE  
Designed by Alfred Parsons

Unfortunately there are fewer "collectors" in this field than in others that pertain to books. Fortunately, we say, with their vandal tricks in mind. The book-plate is interesting to us only when it suggests the tastes or the profession of the owner. An armorial book-plate is no more interesting than the coat-of-arms painted on the door of a coach. But when the personal element enters into the design the element of interest is there, too.



while making this book Mr. Castle has been surprised by the number of people who not only do not possess a book-plate, but who do not know what it is—this even among distinguished men-of-letters.



Designed by R. Crane

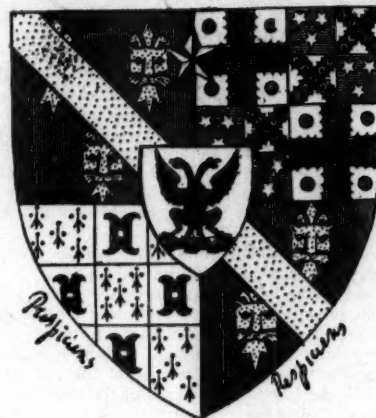
tesque-looking beast with pointed hoofs, rampant tail and a ring in its nose. The design made by Thackeray for a book-plate for Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," is evidently suggested by this, though Thackeray's angel is a winged Mrs. Pendennis. The book-plates of Carlyle and Dickens are only interesting as suggesting inquiries as to their

THE USE of the book-plate, or *Ex Libris*, as it is familiarly called, like many another good old fashion is being revived after years of indifference to its charms. The subject has always been one of more or less interest, and "collectors" of book-plates are as enthusiastic in the riding of their hobby as are the collectors of "first editions" or other scarce books. Some of these *Ex Libris* maniacs have gone so far as to destroy rare and costly volumes for the sake of the owner's book-plate on the inside of the cover. Fortunately there are fewer "collectors" in this field than in others that pertain to books. Fortunately, we say, with their vandal tricks in mind. The book-plate is interesting to us only when it suggests the tastes or the profession of the owner. An armorial book-plate is no more interesting than the coat-of-arms painted on the door of a coach. But when the personal element enters into the design the element of interest is there, too.

A few years ago the fashion of book-plates was revived among English authors, whose artist friends made dainty designs for them, introducing emblems of their craft, or their hobbies. One of the outcomes of this revival is a book on "English Book-Plates," by Egerton Castle, which is published in London by George Bell & Sons, and in New York by Macmillan & Co. The book has only been before the public for a few weeks, and now it is "out of print" and "scarce." In his researches

For those of his readers who are equally ignorant on the subject he appends the definition given in "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" in 1888, but "until very lately ignored by English lexicographers":—"Book-plate, a piece of paper stamped or engraved with a name or device and pasted in a book to show the ownership." The earliest book-plate used in a printed book dates back to 1480, and represents a very shocking angel bearing a shield upon which is drawn a grotesque-looking

origin. They are both armorial, as is that of Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, and that of Lord Tennyson. That of Horace Walpole is what is called an "armorial landscape." It was drawn by Thomas Bewick, and shows us Strawberry Hill in the background, with a tree in the foreground, from which a shield seems to be growing. At first glance you would think that the book-plate of Thomas Frognall Dibdin was of the conventional armorial pattern, but a more careful examination shows the shield to be made of quarterings representing his bibliomaniacal tastes; while the crest is a hand grasping an open missal.



Alfred Tennyson

Coming down to the present day, we have two book-plates owned by Mr. Frederic Locker-Lampson, one by Walter Crane, the other by H. Stacy Marks, R.A. The latter we reproduce. Walter Crane is the designer of his own book-plate, in which his namesake bird figures conspicuously. R. Crane has made Mr. Walter Besant's book-plate, and shows us the accomplished author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" as he will look when his years have reached four-score and ten. About Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Ex Libris*, which Mr. E. A. Abbey designed for him, there is a jauntiness which goes well with the owner's lighter vein. Mr. Austin Dobson has two book-plates, one designed by Mr. Abbey, which is not given here, and one designed by Mr. Alfred Parsons, which is. The former celebrated Mr. Dobson's eighteenth-century muse in general; the latter bears more directly upon "The Sign of the Lyre."

(For Mr. Locker-Lampson's book-plate, see next page.)



Designed by W. M. Thackeray

## The Rowfant Club's First Book

WE HAVE received from the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, a tastefully-printed pamphlet containing the code and regulations of the club, together with a "foreword" giving some information concerning the origin of this association of book-lovers. In a letter from Mr. Paul Temperly, Librarian, we learn that its first publication is now under way, and will be issued in a few weeks. It is to be "The Culprit Fay, and Other Poems," by Joseph Rodman Drake, reprinted from the edition of 1835. It will contain 20 small vignette illustrations in the text and an etching on the title-page, all by Mr. E. H. Garrett, together with a portrait of the author. The press-work and binding will be done by John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, Mass. The edition will consist of 95 copies on handmade paper, and 5 on Japan-paper, each numbered. In a postscript, Mr. Temperly says:—





Designed by H. Stacy Marks

"The Rowfant Books" has been augmented by Mr. Lang's poem in their praise.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Locker by Mr. Du Maurier is published by permission of the Century Co.

### Eleonora Duse

THE PERFORMANCES of Eleonora Duse in the Fifth Avenue Theatre will make the present dramatic season, which in the beginning seemed so barren of promise, one of the most memorable in the recent theatrical annals of New York. It is now generally admitted, even by those critics who through prejudice or poor judgment at first denied her pre-eminence, that she is an artist of the first rank; but the simple truth is that she is the greatest actress, with the single exception perhaps of Janauschek, seen in this generation—a player endowed with the most unmistakable genius and a perfect mistress of all the resources of her art. It has been alleged by some of her detractors that other famous or popular actresses have excelled her in some particular respect, in some profoundly pathetic note or in some volcanic outburst of passion. This may be true—at all events allowances must be made for legitimate differences of opinion—but it has nothing to do with the case. It is in her marvellous versatility, in her extraordinary adaptability to the most widely contrasted conditions that Duse surpasses all her contemporaries. She may not be, probably is not, the equal of Sarah Bernhardt in theatrical artifice, that wonderful cunning with which the French actress, often at the expense of truth, secures the utmost possible theatrical and pictorial effect from a carefully devised situation; but she is infinitely superior to her as an interpreter of human nature, and can compete with her upon even terms in some of the characters in which she has been declared unapproachable, while winning triumphs in other fields which the Frenchwoman would not dare to enter.

Her "Camille," fine and true as it was, only partly suggested the vast range of her capacities, although the freshness which she contrived to impart to so hackneyed a part was in itself a proof of

"It may interest you to know that our adoption of the name of 'Rowfant' has been most courteously and generously recognized by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. He has sent us several portraits of himself and one of the late Sir Curtis Lampson; also various views of Rowfant, his home. In one of his letters to us he writes that it is very gratifying to his wife (the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson) 'to find the name of Rowfant thus honorably carried to the United States.' Sir Curtis Lampson was born in Vermont."

Rowfant is at Crawley, Sussex—one of Mr. Locker-Lampson's two country-places,—and the fame of

original intelligence. In her "Fédora" this originality was even more strongly marked, as was her strange power of creating a stirring dramatic effect by the simplest and, seemingly, most unstudied means. In the first act she disdained to avail herself of any of the innumerable opportunities of making mere "points"—more than once indeed she deliberately effaced herself in the interest of the general situation—her whole care being to observe that consistency and proportion essential to the true development of character. Her grief and agitation at the condition of her wounded lover were perfectly suited to the occasion, but were never permitted to assume a hysterical form that would have been inconsistent with her shrewd participation in the police inquiry or her methodical search for the letter which she expected would give a clue to the supposed assassin. The intellectual quality of her acting throughout the whole scene was even more admirable than the technical proficiency with which her design was executed. A still more striking example of her complete grasp of a situation was afforded in the difficult scene where Fédora encourages Loris to a declaration of love. Her suggestion of the conflict in her own breast between a resolute and vindictive purpose and the new passion that was taking possession of her was extraordinarily subtle and made the horror which momentarily overwhelmed her a little later, when she discovered that the living lover was true and the dead one false, doubly impressive. The revulsion of feeling which she then exhibited was a natural and logical prelude to the utter self-abandonment with which she sacrificed honor itself to save her intended victim from the fate which she had prepared for him. It was at this moment that she won her greatest artistic triumph, by the convincing truthfulness of her emotion and by the avoidance of any such glaring artifice as the pose, with extended arms before the door, with which Bernhardt excited so much enthusiasm. Every whit as natural and impressive was her repressed agony of apprehension pending the inevitable revelation of her treachery and the unexaggerated realism of her suicide.

As Clotilde in "Fernande" she presented a type of womanhood essentially distinct from either of those which had preceded it and an equally remarkable study of the progressive development of character. The change wrought in her by the despatch that proved her lover's perfidy was an extraordinary illustration of suppressed emotion, and the remorseless deliberation of her manner while beguiling the faithless Andre into the net which she had spread for him was intensely eloquent of the fury of a woman scorned. Not until after the marriage had been accomplished did she give vent to the rage which she had restrained so long; but when the floodgates of passion were once opened, the torrent of her wrath and hate and scorn might almost be called appalling. No more thrilling picture of a woman distraught has been witnessed on this stage for many a long year. This one revelation of her power would place her instantly in the front rank of emotional actresses. In her succeeding impersonation of the betrayed and deserted Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," a wonderfully effective, piece in its dramatic form, she furnished another and totally different manifestation of the fury of a jealous woman; but in this instance the pathos and the passion which she infused into her appeal to the recreant Tweiddu and the touching simplicity with which she confessed her ruin to old Nunzia were less noteworthy than her complete suppression of personal identity in the assumption of the peasant manner. There is no other living actress capable of such a transformation as this—a transformation, moreover, wholly independent of the devices of



MR. FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON  
From a drawing by George du Maurier

theatrical "make-up." Here the combination of art and genius was perfect, and the entire performance can only be described as a masterpiece. After such repeated and indisputable proofs of versatility her appearance as the coquettish Mirandolina in "The Hostess" of Goldoni could scarcely be called surprising, although it demonstrated, what had already been suspected, that her range is wider than that of any other actress known to present fame. No soubrette—not even Aimée in her best days—could have played the part with more sparkling ease, with more charming archness and humor, with such point, delicacy and spontaneity. In this as in everything else that she has done here she proved herself a most diligent and appreciative student of nature, an artist with all the inspiration of genius and all the accomplishments conferred by study and experience.

### "Lady Windermere's Fan"

THE FAULTS and merits of Mr. Oscar Wilde's four-act comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan," just produced in Palmer's Theatre after successful careers in London and Boston, may be summed up briefly in the statement that the piece is smartly written and constantly amusing, but very badly made. Not only is the construction extraordinarily clumsy, when Mr. Wilde's long experience in theatrical matters is taken into account, but the whole plot is founded upon suppositions wholly at variance with human experience and commonsense. The story, as pretty nearly everybody knows by this time, deals with the adventure of a young wife and mother, of a devotional tendency and exquisite natural purity of character (these qualities being insisted on with great particularity), who flings herself into the arms of another man, because her husband has insisted upon inviting to her house a woman of whom she is jealous, and whom she believes to be of immoral character. That she might leave her home, in such circumstances, is conceivable, but that she should seek revenge in personal dishonor is absolutely inconsistent with the whole theory of her nature. Not less ridiculous is the supposition that an affectionate husband, only anxious to shield his wife from unmerited disgrace, should compel her to receive publicly a woman whose very presence she regards as a contamination, and thus put the cruellest of all slights upon her, with all her friends for witnesses. These are not by any means the only glaring flaws in construction to be found in the first two acts, but they are all that need be quoted for present purposes.

The simple fact is that Mr. Wilde evidently set out to write a play around a situation, that situation being found in the third act, where Lady Windermere, having deserted her own home and taken refuge in the bachelor apartments of Lord Darlington, is rescued by the intervention of the very adventuress whom she had scorned, and who is, as the audience has known all along, her own disreputable mother. This is a well-devised and well-written scene, in which the characters of the two women are contrasted with skill and effect, and no small knowledge of human nature. The distrust, scorn and jealousy of the daughter are particularly well depicted. The fortune of the play depends upon this scene, but the succeeding situations, including the discovery of the fan, the self-sacrifice of Mrs. Erlynne and the escape, under fearfully improbable conditions, of Lady Windermere, maintain the interest to the end of the act. The final ending is by no means convincing, although there is considerable cleverness in the triangular scene between the adventuress, her daughter and her son-in-law. What is peculiarly puzzling is the position of Lord Windermere, who fails to see anything strange in his wife's sudden esteem and affection for Mrs. Erlynne, whom, an hour or two before, she had denounced as the vilest of creatures. His previous conduct had proved him a dull man, but this unexplained metamorphosis would excite suspicion in an idiot. It must be remembered that Lady Windermere, to the end, remains in perfect ignorance of her mother's identity.

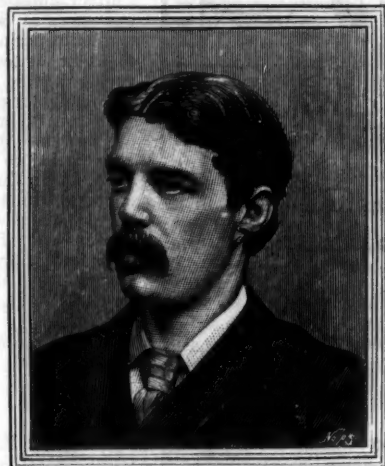
As has been said the piece is very brightly and smartly written. The epigrams and paradoxes, which are the author's chief stock in trade, savor rather strongly of the lamp, but they are set in happy phrases, and rarely fail to excite laughter. His cynicism is of a rather cheap quality, but contributes to the general amusement. There can be no doubt that the comedy made a favorable impression, which was due in no small degree to the good acting. Miss Brookyn revealed unexpected capacities as the adventuress, and Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Holland, Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Saville, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Miss Julia Arthur all did very well, while the minor parts were in perfectly satisfactory hands.

IN THE Canadian Parliament, on Feb. 1, Sir John Thompson said the British Government had not yet given notice of the withdrawal of Canada from the Berne Copyright Convention, as requested by the Dominion Parliament two years ago. The imperial authorities have not yet permitted the Canadian Copyright act of 1889 to go into operation. A despatch on the subject was received a few days ago and is now being considered by the Canadian Government.

### The Author of "The Country Muse"

THE LONDON *Literary World* answers the question "Who is Norman Gale?" (whose "Country Muse" is reviewed on page 73) by saying:—

Well, the name is a real one, and the owner is tall, handsome, about thirty years old, bashful and shy as a girl in her teens. Sometimes he leaves his country home at Rugby to spend a few



MR. NORMAN R. GALE

hours in the smoke and fog of London—but not often. It is hardly necessary to say he is unmarried. The success of "The Country Muse," which came out about June last year, was so complete that in less than three months the first edition was exhausted, and copies now fetch much more than the original price. A second series has just appeared, and some kind-hearted critics have been trying to damn the new poet by faint praise, lest peradventure he should go the way of poor William Watson. Here, for instance, is the reviewer of a leading weekly charging him with obscurity in the lines on a woman:

For the snake in her hisses unscathed,  
She coos to her mate,

evidently because the reviewer does not see that "hisses" is used as a verb, and not as a noun, that it is the snake concealed inside the woman that "hisses unscathed," while the outward, dove-like form of her "coos to her mate." Again, the reviewer finds obscurity in the verse,

O, lucky Love, if speeding through  
Her sanctuary's pane  
You see my Laura's white flash back  
To Laura's white again.

What is there obscure in the reference to Laura's white skin flashing back from the mirror to herself?

One of the new poems that especially rouses the before-mentioned critic's wrath is "The Mistress of Bacchus." The odd thing is that Mr. Gale is almost a total abstainer from meat and wine; yet, in the eyes of those who identify an author with his creations, he will share with the "divine Omar" the obloquy of being a wine-bibber. But the worst sin Mr. Gale has committed is to publish lines "To a Young Lady, in Excuse," wherein he dares to plead for a simpler creed and less formal modes of worship. He asks:—

Would Christ, if He were raised to-day, know Christ?  
All the jealousy of the Church rises in protest, and Mr. Gale is roughly lectured.

### The Lounger

THE PERSONALITY of Signora Duse seems to be as interesting as her acting. Everyone who sees her at once falls a victim to her personal fascination as well as to her art. She is not a beauty, as beauty goes on the stage; yet her face compels admiration, chiefly for its expression, the eyes being the best feature. They are almost Oriental in shape, and though the lids seem to be heavy, they lift quickly enough for the lightning of her eyes to flash upon an audience. Signora Duse is a *rara avis* in that she will not employ the usual means of advertising resorted to by dramatic and operatic stars and their managers. She positively declines to be "interviewed," and nothing will induce her to recall her decision in this



matter. What is more, she declines all social attentions. She refuses to be lionized, and denies herself to all strangers. She wishes to be known only as an actress, an artist—to be judged from before the footlights, and by no other standard. Her art is her life. Society would too soon make an end of her; she could not bear the strain. She is not disagreeable in her attitude, but she is firm; and as much as people would like to have her in their drawing-rooms, they cannot but admire her for the stand she has taken. There are other actresses, I dare say, who would like to do as Signora Duse has done, but they have been overruled by their managers.

I COMPLIMENT Signora Duse and her management on giving Italian performances. If Salvini were not the great actor he is, he could not rise superior to his surroundings in this country. Nothing but his genius keeps him from appearing ridiculous when acting in Italian with an English-speaking company. Signora Duse has nothing of this sort to contend with. Her company is able and dignified. It is truly a support and not a drawback, as the "support" of so many "stars" has proved to be.

THERE IS SOMETHING about the story of "La Duse" that reminds me of the story of Mme. Modjeska's early life. Both were on the stage when they ought to have been playing with dolls; both were the chief support of their families while they were yet children; and both fought a brave and bitter fight before their genius was recognized. The years of their girlhood that should have been gay and happy were made dull and miserable by the load of responsibility that rested upon their young shoulders; and about them both is that mark of melancholy imposed in the past that present success cannot efface.

"MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD, the well-known American actor," says the *St. James's Budget*, "has ordered his manager to discontinue the use of posters and window-cards, and to confine all the advertisements of his company to newspapers. He says:—'A man who does not read the newspapers does not attend the theatres,' and goes on to observe that if the hundreds of thousands of pounds which are spent on making cities hideous were spent on people who could read, and who patronized the drama, it would be much better for theatres." I thoroughly agree with Mr. Mansfield in this and wish that he would head a crusade in America, beginning it in New York, against this horror. There has been an improvement in posters of late, but the hideous and vulgar are in a majority. I never pass the hoardings in Fourth Avenue between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets without a shudder. Some one has written a lot of buncombe in the newspapers about these flaming posters being "the poor people's picture-gallery." I dare say, and that accounts for all the crimes in the calendar. If the youth of our cities are brought up on such blood-curdling art, no wonder their consciences are blunted. What child could feed its credulous eyes upon a season's posters and not be the worse for it? If the hoardings are to be the poor people's picture-galleries, they should be decorated with something of a more refining nature than the glaring advertisements of vulgar shows.

A SUBSCRIBER in a Western State, a clergyman, sends me the following circular letter which he has received, and which he amiably calls "impertinent." I call it something more:—

DEAR SIR: Have you ever investigated our Sermon Exchange? It is proving very successful and a great help to busy ministers, as it affords opportunity for procuring in a quiet, legitimate and inexpensive way new ideas for future use by exchanging old sermons for new ones.

Send us 50 cents, or one of your sermons and 25 cents, and we will send you a new one from some other section neatly typewritten and bound. To a new subscriber we will send one sermon for two old ones, so it will cost nothing to give us a trial. In addition we return in all cases typewritten copies of sermons sent us.

But one copy of each sermon is sent to a section, and none to the section from which it came. We write no sermons, simply exchange them. Under no circumstances will we furnish the name of any subscriber to our system.

We shall be glad to receive a trial order from you and will cheerfully furnish any additional information you may desire. Our service is prompt, reliable and confidential, and we believe you will be well pleased with it. Hoping to hear from you, we remain,

Yours very truly, REID & THOMAS PUB. CO.

I HAVE HEARD of old lamps for new, but old sermons for new is something entirely novel. "We write no sermons, we simply exchange them"; and yet "we" ask twenty-five or fifty cents for the exchange, as the case may be. Think of the effect of this "sermon exchange" upon an unsuspecting congregation! "What

range of thought, what diversity of ideas, what a protean style our pastor is gifted with!" his hearers would say, as they listened Sunday after Sunday to the sermons of fifty-two different clergymen pounded from the same pulpit. If the service were not "confidential," it might be praiseworthy; the exchange would at least be an honest one.

THE FOLLOWING STORY is going the rounds of the press and in almost every instance it is described as "funny" or "amusing." I see in it nothing at all amusing. It is said that during Sir Edwin Arnold's last visit to this country he had occasion to call upon a certain author of Boston. "What name, sir?" asked the awe-stricken servant, gazing upon his imposing figure. "Tell your master," the poet replied, "that the Light of Asia wishes to see him." Will anyone tell me why the servant should have been "awe-stricken" by the appearance of Sir Edwin Arnold, who may have all the gifts of the gods, but who is a little man and not at all an "imposing figure"?

I MET A FRIEND of Prof. Hardy's in a book-store a day or two ago, and he told me how matters stand concerning that popular author and *The Cosmopolitan*. Prof. Hardy has taken editorial control of the magazine, but only temporarily. Mr. Walker is going South for a few weeks, and has put his old friend in the editorial chair. That is apparently all there is in the situation; but it was enough for a substantial rumor to be based upon.

"CONSISTENCY is a jewel," I believe; but it will never shine in the crown of either Mr. Ruskin or Mr. William Morris. The former, as is well-known, wrote his "Fors Clavigera" for workmen to read; but he published it at a price that put it out of the reach of any workmen—except, perhaps, plumbers. Not only was the price beyond them, but I think that they would have found the contents quite as far above their reach. Then came William Morris, "the people's friend," the Socialist, who prints the most beautiful books that are manufactured in these days. A copy of any one issue of the Kelmscott Press is an art education in itself; but it is as far out of the reach of "the people" as is a course at Oxford or Cambridge. Not only are poor men deprived of these Kelmscott Press books, but a moderately well-off man would have to think twice before spending \$20 or \$50 for one small volume, much as he would love to have it. Last year Mr. Morris brought out 2426 volumes, which would be a small edition of any ordinarily popular novel, and the market value of these books, according to a careful calculation, is between \$50,000 and \$55,000! According to published accounts, the edition of the works of Chaucer which the Kelmscott Press is preparing will be "the most magnificent edition of a classic ever produced in any country." Mr. Morris has a special Chaucer type; and Mr. Burne-Jones has made about sixty illustrations for the volumes. An edition of "Shakespeare's Poems and Sonnets," reprinted from the first edition, is also on the press. How many of Mr. Morris's friends, the workmen, will have copies of these books on their shelves? Fewer even, I fancy, than have "Fors Clavigera."

DON'T THINK that I want Mr. Morris to abandon his Press,—far from it! To have no more of the Kelmscott books would be a serious loss to book-lovers, even to those of us who cannot afford the luxury of possession, but who can feast our eyes on the copies that find their way to the shelves of more fortunate amateurs of books. But I cannot help smiling at this lover of the masses who prints books only for the classes.

## The Fine Arts

### The Loan Exhibition in the Fine Arts Building

THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY will give a private press view on Monday in its new gallery at 215 West 57th Street of a loan exhibition of the finest works of art obtainable in this and other American cities, comprising masterpieces of the American, English, Dutch, Spanish, Italian and French schools of painting and sculpture; Greek vases and terra-cottas, old silver, ceramics, enamels, lacquers, fans, etc. For this purpose a Loan Exhibition Committee has been formed under the Presidency of Mr. Henry G. Marquand, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with whom are associated the following gentlemen:—Charles T. Barney, Vice-President; James A. Garland, Treasurer; Edward Hamilton Bell, Secretary; Edward D. Adams, Richard W. Gilder, William M. Chase, Charles B. Curtis, William H. Fuller, Daniel F. Appleton, Thomas B. Clarke, John Getz, D. D. Parmly, Howard Russell Butler.

To provide ample space for this exhibition in particular, and for other exhibitions, Mr. George W. Vanderbilt advanced the money necessary to build the beautiful gallery which, on Dec. 30, was presented by him to the American Fine Arts Society and now bears his name. The profits of the Loan Exhibition are to be applied to

the payment of the second mortgage on the property of the American Fine Arts Society; and while the proceeds of the Exhibition may not be sufficient to accomplish this result, it is hoped that the amount needed may be completed by additional subscriptions to the Gift Fund of the Society. Mr. Vanderbilt, in making his generous gift, expressed the hope that the citizens of New York would come forward and assist the Fine Arts Society in the retirement of this second mortgage. The exhibition will be open till about March 15. It is expected, from the scope and variety of the exhibition, that it will be the event of the art world in this city for the coming year. All expenses of collecting and returning works of art have been borne by the Committee; they will be insured at the owner's valuation, and all possible care will be taken of them during the exhibition.

Among the objects of special attraction will be pictures by Rembrandt from the collections of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer and Mr. Morris K. Jesup, also examples of Velasquez, Peter de Hooch, Rigaud and others; a colossal model by D. C. French for the Statue of the Republic which adorns the centre of the Lagoon at the World's Fair; Mr. W. H. Fuller's remarkable collection of pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable and other painters of the English School of Landscapists; with other English masterpieces lent by Mrs. Blodgett, and Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence's famous Barye bronzes, over 100 in number. Tanagra figures and Greek vases will be shown by Mr. Altman, Mr. T. B. Clarke and other well-known collectors. There will be tapestries from the Barbarini Palace lent by Mr. Ffoulke of Washington; tapestries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries lent by W. Bayard Cutting; arms and armor from the collection of G. P. Morosini; and objects of art, including ceramics, fans, laces, miniatures, enamels, etc., from the collections of Henry G. Marquand and other well-known amateurs.

#### Art Notes

THE ILLUSTRATED and fine-art books belonging to the Mercantile Library Association were exhibited at the library on Wednesday. Among the rare works, more or less difficult to see elsewhere in New York, are Prout's "Sketches at Home and Abroad," Turner's "Harbours of England," Yriarte's "Les Bords de l'Adriatique," the Earl of Dunraven's "Irish Architecture," Flaxman's "Outlines," "Hesiod" and "Homer"; de Goncourt's "La Femme au 18me Siècle," Anderson's "Pictorial Arts of Japan," Detaille's "L'Armée Française," Ogden's "Army and Navy of the United States," numerous Cruikshank works, Dobson's "Hogarth," and two volumes of Hogarth's plates, Audubon's "Birds," and Catlin's "North American Indians."

—The Hopkins mansion on Nob Hill, San Francisco, which has just been presented to the University of California for an art-school and museum, is valued at \$1,000,000.

—An account of the life and works of Alexander Anderson, the first American engraver on wood, written by Frederick M. Burr, is to be published in an edition of 750 copies by Burr Bros. of 114 Nassau Street. It will contain three portraits of Anderson (who died in his ninety-fifth year), numerous illustrations by himself and extracts from his diary (1795-8).

—April 17 is the date fixed for the public opening of the fifteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists. This will be the Society's first annual exhibition in its permanent home.

—A memorial exhibition of the works of the late J. Foxcroft Cole was opened on Jan. 20, and is to remain open until Feb. 19. Cole was a pupil of Lambinet, but his work was strongly personal. His landscapes, cattle-pieces and marines possess much merit. A number of engravings, lithographs, drawings and paintings by the brothers, John and Seth Wells Cheney were placed on exhibition at the same time and are to remain on view until March 5. Most of the Cole paintings belong to the artist's estate, and are to be sold at auction after the exhibition. The two exhibitions are held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

#### Bishop Brooks's Photographs

WE REPRODUCE the following item from the Boston *Evening Transcript*:

Before Dr. Brooks became Bishop, his photographs, though much in demand, could not be had by every one. He was much averse to having them placed on public sale, and once when he was asked to allow some to be sold at a fair in aid of St. Andrew's mission, he showed some disinclination to comply and remarked that they would not realize much. This was met with the statement that it was expected that about \$50 would be the result of such a sale. The next day Dr. Brooks sent his check for \$50 to the managers of the fair, but the photographs were not forthcoming. At length he was prevailed upon to sit for his picture, just

before Christmas in 1887. Three positions were taken, and all were perfectly satisfactory, but the picture which proved the most attractive to the public, and the one which his parishioners greatly admired and were eager to possess, is the one showing the full face. During the eight months subsequent to the development and finishing of the negatives, more than 3000 photographs were sold. Two orders were for 500 each. There has been a large sale ever since of all three positions, but the one especially sought after is the front position. In June, 1891, a private business arrangement was entered into with the photographer whereby a royalty was to be paid on each picture of the Bishop sold, the proceeds to be used for mission purposes. This arrangement has been carried out according to the wishes of the Bishop and his associates.

Whether a similar arrangement was entered into with the London photographers, who secured two fine negatives of the Bishop while in England last year, is not known. Probably not. One of the pictures taken by the London artists represents Dr. Brooks sitting in a chair, with an open book on his knee; the other shows him standing. Both are considered good likenesses. Conspicuous on each photograph are the lines, "The Lord Bishop of Massachusetts," "The Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D."

#### The New Academicians

ELECTIONS were held on Feb. 2 to choose successors to Ernest Renan, Camille Rousset and Xavier Marmier as members of the French Academy. The balloting resulted in the election of Viscount Henri de Bornier, the poet, and M. Thureau-Dangin, the historian. The competition for the seat made vacant by the death of Marmier was great, one of the candidates being M. Zola. Five ballots were taken without result. Zola received only six votes.

Paul Thureau-Dangin is a fervent Catholic and a partisan of the constitutional form of government which—except in the "Parti des Ducs" led in the Académie Française by the Duke of Aumale—is discredited in France by the Louis Philippe experience. In defence of this experience, Thureau-Dangin has written in several octavo volumes a "Histoire de la Monarchie de Juillet." He published in 1872, "Paris Capitale Pendant la Révolution Française"; in 1874, "Royalistes et Républicains"; in 1876, "Le Parti Libéral sous la Restauration"; in 1878, in collaboration with Beslay, "Pie IX"; in 1879, "L'Eglise et l'État sous la Monarchie de Juillet." He is fifty-five years of age.

The Academy is always reactionary in politics; it was imperiently Republican under Napoleon, it is monarchical under Carnot; but it is sometimes artistic in literature. This time, having chosen to be simply academic, it has elected the Vicomte Henri de Bornier. Bornier is sixty-seven years of age, and has never written a line that his teachers would have corrected. He has ever been accurate, precise and impersonally elegant. His first work was a poem on "Dante et Béatrice," a perfect example of home-made poetry. In 1854 he produced at the Odéon "La Muse de Corneille," an anniversary play. In 1861 he won the Prize of Poetry at the Academy with a poem on "L'Isthme de Suez." His laurel pleased him, and he won a new wreath every year with poems on "La France dans l'Extrême-Orient," "Le Fils de la Terre," "Un Cousin de Passage"; with plays written for celebrations of Corneille's anniversary; with "La Cage du Lion," a tragedy, in 1868; "La Fille de Roland," a tragedy in verse, in five acts, in 1875; "Les Noces d'Attila" in 1880; "L'Apôtre," in 1881; and "Agamemnon" in 1886.

He wrote in 1890 a tragedy, the Alexandrine verses of which were to be declaimed by Mounet-Sully as "Mahomet," but the "Grand Turk" begged that the great prophet should not be reproduced on the stage of the Comédie Française, and the play was withdrawn. Those who have read it, who love poetry, and are not for that reason prejudiced against Bornier, say that the loss is not irreparable.

If one wish to learn the arts by which Bornier became an Academician, one should read "La Fille de Roland." In a literary sense it is the least conventional of his works, and there is a breath of real patriotism in its harmonious verses; but it is strictly academic.

#### "The Young Person" as a Novel-Reader

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the extract from Mr. Crawford's paper on the novel, given in your issue of Jan. 7th, I note that he adds his protest to the many which have been directed against the thralldom of the Young Person. Mr. Henry James revealed his bitterness of spirit on the same subject several years ago; and he is neither the first nor the last author of unimpeachable respectability and predominant spirituality and intellect who has been something more than restive under the yoke of the Young Person.

As far as my own observation goes, the parent is over-anxious and the novelist exaggerates his power of evil. I do not believe the



girl was ever born who could be corrupted by a work of fiction which was at the same time a work of art, no matter what its theme. She must have knowledge presented to her in concrete images and uncompromising text-book parlance before the delicate analysis or impressionist pictures of the artist can be anything but words to her. When I was fifteen, and given to exploring the shelves of my grandfather's library, I came across a little black, mysterious-looking volume, whose yellow leaves were spotted, and whose gilded title was almost gone. The title had been "Boccaccio's Decameron," however, and the book was promptly confiscated and hidden. I as promptly set to work to find it, and when I had done so I read it from cover to cover, much bored, and not able to see, for the life of me, why I should have been put to so much unnecessary trouble. And I was not a backward child in other respects, nor can the "Decameron" be said to handle its favorite topic with gloves; there is not a modern author of the first class who would not, in making a comparatively faithful translation, so bring to bear all his nice knowledge of English words and infinite subtlety of expression that the ignorant girl of fifteen would be more mystified than ever.

On the other hand, the Young Person of enlightened mind is not in the way of being hurt by the artist in letters, for she has a fine scorn of anything short of the worst class of French novels that find their way into translation.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

## The Ethics of Autograph-Hunting

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the January number of *The Cosmopolitan* appears an article entitled "The Confessions of an Autograph-Hunter," which seems to me to deserve a word of comment. Therein are recorded with smug complaisance sundry successful efforts of a young man (who is at the same time introduced to *The Cosmopolitan* readers with his portrait and an editorial pat upon the shoulder) to secure by deliberate deception the autographs of celebrated people. He tells, with ingenuous frankness, how, with utter disregard of truthfulness, he carefully devised letters calling for answers, but so worded that the recipients should never suspect "that in answering my queries they were merely enhancing the value of a private album"; how to Mr. Cleveland he narrated some fictitious report about Heligoland, so as to receive a denial of the rumor; how to Stanley he pretended an earnest desire to know the whereabouts of Livingstone's son-in-law, in whom he presumably had no earthly interest; and how to those of whom he was honest enough to ask plainly for autographs, he "generally made a point of drawing their attention to the fact that I enclosed a card for them to write upon. *I took care, however, not to enclose it*" (the italics are mine)—the desired result being that instead of receiving in return a simple autograph, there should be some remark about the missing card.

And this sort of thing, which the writer comfortably characterizes as "mild imposture," or a "ruse," is unblushingly offered with the statement that others may be as successful as himself if they start out "on the same lines." May I not through *The Critic*, whose voice is always for good morals as well as for good literature, offer a humble protest against this bit of degradation? I suppose all of us who love literature and art find a pleasure in seeing, and if it may be, in possessing some autograph lines of any of the great ones of the craft; but shall we fall so low in our greed as to pilfer from them what they may not willingly choose to give? Are we of such mettle that we can stand unabashed, with trumped-up little questions, in the presence of those whose names are synonyms of truth and high ideal—of men like Tennyson or Browning? Shame on such double-dealing! Let us write and ask for what we want like men, if we will; but for the sake of honor and manhood, don't let us try to obtain our will through false pretence. We would not treat our tailor so; and shall we seek so base an advantage from those who, by their noble work, make us "heirs of truth and pure delight"?

PHILADELPHIA.

C. F. SAUNDERS.

## An American Jane Austen

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

There seems just now in this country to be a revival of interest in Jane Austen's works, which until very recently have been probably utterly unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the present novel-reading public. She has generally been esteemed unapproachable in her way, but it occurs to me that our own country has produced one female writer who strongly resembles and is scarcely inferior to her. I refer to Eliza Leslie, sister of the artist Leslie, whose fame is founded on her "Cook-Book," but who in "Pencil-Sketches; or, Outlines of Character and Manners," described the people and manners of this country, both in provincial and metropolitan life, as they

were sixty years ago, with such shrewdness, humor and quiet sarcasm as Jane herself, in my judgment, has not surpassed. For variety and vigor, at least, the palm, it seems to me, must be awarded to Eliza. Her stage is somewhat wider than Jane's, and her characters are not so nearly alike. One grows a little tired, it must be owned, of Jane's two (or more) sisters; her rascals are just a little tame; and her heroines incline to be goody. Eliza's sketches are exceedingly precious and delightful for their old-fashioned flavor, and may be accepted as a faithful portraiture, devoid of foreign prejudice or native malice. The sketches were published in Philadelphia, in two series of one volume each, in 1833 and 1835. I do not know of any other source of information about the habits and characteristics of the Americans of that period to be compared with this for fidelity, discernment and entertaining quality. The books must be somewhat scarce, I think, for except my own, I never saw nor heard of a copy, nor found one catalogued. It has occurred to me that some publisher might profitably issue a selection from these charming stories, and for this purpose I would propose the following:—"The Escorted Lady," "The Miss Vanlears," "Sociable Visiting," "The Travelling Tinman," "Mrs. Washington Potts," "Uncle Philip," "The Album," "The Ladies' Ball," "The Wilson House," "The Reading Parties," "Laura Lovel," "John W. Robertson" and "The Set of China."

BUFFALO, Jan. 16, 1893.

IRVING BROWNE.

## A Busy Year for Publishers

THE YEAR 1892 was the busiest, for publishers and authors, in the experience of *The Publishers' Weekly*. That journal's "Weekly Record of New Publications" shows that it entered the titles of 4862 works, exceeding by 86 the number (4776) recorded in 1886—the highest figure reached at any time before,—and exceeding by 197 the titles entered in 1891, when they numbered 4665. These 4862 titles do not stand for that number of new works by American authors, but include reprints from the English and other sources, translations, importations and new editions, of which latter alone there were 788 works. The lists for the last two years are as follows:

	1891	1892	
	New Books and New Editions.	New Books.	New Editions.
Fiction .....	1,105	735	367
Theology and Religion.....	528	464	38
Juvenile.....	460	448	18
Law.....	348	334	40
Education and Language.....	355	330	36
Poe ry and the Drama.....	153	172	87
Political and Social Science.....	197	222	14
Biography, Memoirs.....	211	224	10
Fine-Art and Illustrated Books.....	228	181	20
Description, Travel.....	139	173	19
Literary History and Miscellany.....	251	165	27
History.....	124	149	16
Medical Science, Hygiene .....	108	128	27
Useful Arts.....	106	106	22
Physical and Mathematical Science....	97	91	30
Domestic and Rural.....	79	57	4
Sports and Amusements.....	71	37	7
Mental and Moral Philosophy.....	39	29	4
Humor and Satire.....	26	29	2
	4,665	4,074	788
			4,074
			4,862

## A Fight over Bourget's "Cosmopolis"

SEEING IN *The Critic* a note to the effect that Tait, Sons & Co. of this city were about to publish M. Bourget's "Cosmopolis," Messrs. Charles H. Sergel & Co. of Chicago wrote to us, on Feb. 2, as follows:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

We send you by this mail a package containing some of the printed sheets and proofs of our *authorized* edition of "Cosmopolis." The book will be issued in paper covers and also in cloth. We shall send you copies as soon as the book is ready, which will be in a few days. We are aware that a New York publishinghouse has announced an *authorized* edition of this book. We have before us a letter from the Paris publishers of "Cosmopolis," authorizing us to publish the only translation in America. We cannot reconcile this letter with the statement of Tait, Sons & Co., and therefore presume some error has been made. Either Tait,

Sons & Co. have not been authorized, or two houses have been authorized to publish the same book. CHAS. H. SERGEL & CO.

On receipt of the above communication, we inquired of Messrs. Tait, Sons & Co. whether their edition was an "authorized" one; and this is their reply, under date of Feb. 6:—  
TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Your esteemed favor of this date is just to hand, and, in reply to it, we would say that there is not a shadow of doubt as to our having secured the *exclusive authorization* to publish, in this country, M. Bourget's "Cosmopolis." As we pay a large sum for the privilege, it is inconceivable that Chas. H. Sergel & Co. can have obtained any similar right. We are just framing a notification to the trade, warning them against purchasing any other so-called "Authorized Issue," and it is our intention to consult our attorneys and ascertain whether or not an action for "slander of title" would lie against both the publishers and the trade issuing an edition for which the authority of authorization is wrongfully claimed. The exact wording of M. Alphonse Lemerre's communication puts the question of authorization beyond all peradventure. It is as follows:—"The right to publish the translation for America, it is well understood, is exclusive to your firm."

TAIT, SONS & CO., J. SELWIN TAIT, *President*.

### Ibsen's New Play

HENRIK IBSEN's new play is called "The Master Builder." As usual with Ibsen's plays, there is not much action in it, and not much plot. One act—the first—has been printed in Mme. Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*; and a part of another act—the second—has, by a coincidence, been published in Mr. Archibald Grove's *New Review*. It is from the latter that we quote. In it Solness, the "master builder," tells Hilda Wangel about the fire that was the turning point in his career—how it gave him an opportunity to develop his business talents, but by resulting in the death of his twins deprived his wife not only of her children, but nipped in the bud, as it were, her great talents as a mother. He has been telling all this to Hilda, and thus he brings the tale to a close:—

"SOLNESS (*in a subdued tone*). Notice what I say to you, Hilda; all that I contrive to do, build, create in beauty, in security, in cheerful comfort—in grandeur, too—(*wrings his hands*). Oh, is it not fearful to think of —?"

HILDA. What is so fearful?

SOLNESS. That I am obliged to weigh all this, to pay for it, not with money, but with human happiness, and not my own happiness only, but with that of others, too. Yes, yes, see that, Hilda! That is the price which my position as an artist has cost me, and every single day I have to look on while the price is paid for me anew—over again, and over again—and over again forever!

HILDA (*rises and looks straight at him*). Now, I am sure you are thinking about—about her.

SOLNESS. Yes, most about Aline, for Aline—she had her calling in life, too, just as much as I had mine. (*His voice quivers*). But her calling in life has had to be spoiled and crushed and broken and smashed—in order that mine might have free course to—to achieve a sort of big victory. Yes, for you must know Aline—she also had a talent for building.

HILDA. She? for building?

SOLNESS (*shakes his head*). Not houses with towers and spires and things of that kind, such as I am busy with—

HILDA. Well, but then what?

SOLNESS (*softly, much moved*). For building up the souls of little children, Hilda, building up children's souls so that they might rise in equilibrium and into distinguished beautiful shapes, so that they might soar up into straight, grown-up human souls. That was what Aline had the talent for doing; and all that is lying unused, and never to be used hereafter, of no service to anybody, exactly like the heaps of rubbish after a fire.

HILDA. Yes, but even if this were so—!

SOLNESS. It is so. It is so. I know it.

HILDA. Well, but in any case it is not your fault.

SOLNESS (*fixes his eyes on her and nods slowly*). Yes, you see, that is the great terrible question, that is the doubt that is gnawing me—both night and day.

HILDA. That?

SOLNESS. Yes, suppose that the fault was mine, in a certain sense.

HILDA. Your fault! The fire!

SOLNESS. All of it, the whole thing. And at the same time, perhaps, I am entirely innocent.

HILDA (*looks at him with a troubled expression*). Oh, Mr. Solness, if you talk like that you must indeed be—ill, after all.

SOLNESS. H'm, I shall never again in this world be really well on that point."

This may be subtle, but a whole evening of it would be a bore.

### Notes

J. L. AND J. B. GILDER, the editors of *The Critic*, have acquired the controlling interest in that paper hitherto held by Mr. Charles E. Merrill. Mr. Joseph B. Gilder succeeds Mr. Merrill in the Presidency of The Critic Co. Miss Gilder and her brother founded *The Critic* in January 1881, and have always been its editors. Since the beginning of the present year the paper has appeared in a new dress of type, and illustrations have been introduced to brighten up its pages. Literature will continue to hold the first place in its columns, but an effort will be made to render the paper more attractive to the general reader. *The Critic's* thirteenth year bids fair to be the most prosperous in its history.

—An interesting lot of new books is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co. We note "General Jackson," by James Parton, in the Great Commanders Series—the author's last literary work, completed shortly before his death; the "Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople," by Mrs. Minto Elliot, an unconventional sketch of a woman's experiences in Stamboul; "Commander Mendoza," by Juan Valera, author of "Pepita Ximenes," translated by Mrs. Serrano; "Stories in Black," by Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Clark Russell and others, with portraits and illustrations; and the "Autobiography of Dr. Georg Ebers," which will be uniform with the same publishers' regular edition of his works. A third edition of Maarten Maartens's "God's Fool" is on the press.

—The picture of Darwin's study at Down printed in last week's *Critic* will be found in the new edition of the "Life and Letters of Darwin," published by Messrs. Appleton.

—During the present month Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish W. G. Collingwood's "John Ruskin: His Life and Work," with many portraits and illustrations. Mr. Collingwood, from his position as secretary to Mr. Ruskin, has had an excellent opportunity of playing the rôle of Boswell, and he has improved it. His book, however, is critical as well as personal. It will be in two editions of two volumes each, one with the illustrations on India-paper, to be "limited." The same firm announce the "Life and Writings of Jared Sparks," with portraits, edited by Mr. Herbert B. Adams. This book will be in two volumes, with portraits; but there will be but one edition of it, and that limited to 500 copies.

—Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just ready the complete works of J. G. Whittier in seven large octavo volumes, of which they print two editions—one a handsome library edition; the other an "Artist's Edition," limited to 750 copies, which will be numbered and the numbers registered when sold. This edition is printed on English hand made paper and illustrated with photographs, steel-engravings and etchings on India-paper. Among the artists who have made the illustrations are Mary Hallock Foote, Howard Pyle, C. S. Reinhart, W. L. Sheppard, E. W. Kingsley, E. H. Garrett, W. T. Smedley, Irving R. Wiles, J. Appleton Brown and Gilbert Gaul. Each volume is bound in parchment and silk, with cover design by Mrs. Henry Whitman. The edition comprises Mr. Whittier's completed works, as revised and rearranged by himself. "The author has provided carefully prepared head-notes for a large proportion of his writings, giving the historical facts, legends, incidents, recollections of persons and places, quotations, etc., which became the inspiration, or suggested the theme, for many of his best poems. He has also given much other information, which will greatly assist the reader and add largely to the enjoyment of the works. There is also a full equipment of appendixes, containing special notes and explanations of the text, besides full indexes for both the prose and the poetical works."

—Similar editions of Dr. O. W. Holmes's complete works in thirteen volumes are announced for early publication by the same firm. There will be thirteen portraits of Dr. Holmes in the "Artist's Edition," together with portraits of his distinguished contemporaries and illustrations by F. V. Du Mond and others. Dr. Holmes has personally supervised the preparation of this edition, supplying new prefaces, introductory and explanatory notes, etc., wherever required, and it comprises his memoirs of Emerson and Motley.

—Dr. George Macdonald's "Heather and Snow," at present running in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, will be published in book-form by Messrs. Harper & Bros.

—It is proposed, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, to place in the parish church of Tachbrook, near Leamington, a memorial to the late Mrs. Charles Kingsley, whose last days were spent in that sequestered little Warwickshire village. The vicar of Tachbrook has collected 120*l.* towards the cost of the memorial, the exact form of which has not yet been decided upon. The matter awaits the return to England of Miss Rose Kingsley, who has just joined her sister, Mrs. Harrison, abroad. Mrs. Harrison (better known to the



novel-reading world as "Lucas Malet") has been wintering on the Continent for the sake of her health.

—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has sent *The National Observer* a story which will run through four or five numbers of that journal.

—Certain French authors have organized a society for protection against publishers. Among the sixty-odd members who have already joined it are Émile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Léon Daudet and Edmond de Goncourt. The society held its first (private) meeting on Sunday, Jan. 22d, at Marguery's.

—*Up to Date* is the *fin de siècle* title of a journal just started in London. The proprietors state that they advertised their willingness to pay 5/- to anyone who guessed the correct title of their forthcoming publication, and out of several thousands of postcards several individuals guessed the right one.

—Prof. Henry Drummond will deliver the Lowell Lectures at Boston this spring. The subject will be "The Evolution of Man." Prof. Drummond, says *The Bookman*, has not yet decided as to the date of the publication of these lectures, but has taken steps to protect his copyright in America.

—Mr. Irving's acting version of Lord Tennyson's "Becket," now on the boards of the Lyceum, is much shorter than the original version of the play.

—Mrs. Isa Carrington Cabell's book of out-door-sketches, entitled "Seen from the Saddle," has just been published in Harper's Black and White Series. Among the works of fiction just published by Harper & Bros. are "A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; William Black's new novel, "Wolfenberg"; "From One Generation to Another," by Henry Seton Merriman; "Catherine," by Frances M. Peard; and "Time's Revenges," by David Christie Murray. They have nearly ready "The World of Chance," by W. D. Howells; "White Birches," by Annie Eliot; and "Katharine North," by Maria Louise Pool.

—Lea Bros. & Co. of Philadelphia are bringing out a fourth (revised) edition of Henry C. Lea's essays entitled "Superstition and Force."

—The Rev. John Batchelor, author of "The Ainu of Japan," has translated the Book of Common Prayer into the Ainu tongue. The MS. will be sent to press in March. This indefatigable missionary and folk-lorist still continues his collection of and researches into the traditions of those "hairy aborigines" of Japan, and our "poor relations" in the Aryan family.

—The Rev. George W. Knox, an American missionary in Japan and translator of Japanese philosophical works, is engaged in leisure moments on a translation of the life of Arai Hakuseki, one of the greatest of Japan's literary lights of the eighteenth century. The biography of Arai is unique, and opens a large window into old-time literary Japan.

—The Home Publishing Co. of this city announces "The Chief Factor," the first novel published in America by Gilbert Parker of London, a rising young English author.

—It seems passing strange that a statesman should relieve the monotony of his official routine by writing, not historical essays or studies in political economy, but books for childish readers. Yet that is just what the late Lord Brabourne did, and very successfully from every point of view. His name (Edward Hugessen Knatchbull-Hugessen) was probably unpronounceable to most of his readers, but his writings were their delight. Lord Brabourne was the son of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., M. P. for East Kent, and was born at Mersham Hatch, Kent, on April 29, 1829, and was graduated at Oxford in 1850. He represented Sandwich in the House of Commons as a Liberal from 1857 to 1880, and held various political posts of the second rank. His elevation to the Peerage occurred in 1880. His publications are:—"Stories for My Children" (1869), "Crackers for Christmas" (1870), "Moonshine" (1871), "Tales at Tea-Time" (1872), "Queer Folk" (1873), "Whispers from Fairyland" (1874), "River Legends" (1874), "Higgledy-Piggledy" (1875), "Uncle Joe's Stories" (1878), "Other Stories" (1879), "Mountain Sprite's Kingdom" (1880), "Ferdinand's Adventure" (1882), "Friends and Foes from Fairyland" (1885). He also edited "Letters of Jane Austen," his maternal great-aunt (1884), and published "The Life, Times and Character of Oliver Cromwell" (1877) and "The Truth About the Transvaal" (1881).

—"Socialism and the American Spirit," by Nicholas Paine Gilman, author of "Profit-Sharing between Employer and Employee," will be published in a few weeks by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The University Settlement Society opened a free reading-room and a circulating library at the Neighborhood Guild house, 26 Delancey Street, on Feb. 1, and will have a more formal opening later. Books and periodicals in many different languages are provided,

and may be used by men, women and children alike. The reading-room will be open every evening, except Saturday, from 7:30 to 10:30 o'clock, and is entirely free. Persons who want to take books home from the library must pay 25 cents a year for the privilege, unless they are under sixteen, in which case it will cost them but 5 cents for twelve months. Books will be given out on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 8 to 9:30 o'clock.

—The Pittsburg Art Society on Feb. 2 gave Mr. Andrew Carnegie a reception as a mark of its appreciation of his gift of a million-dollar library to that city and \$50,000 a year forever to keep it up. Mr. Carnegie made a speech.

—Since the late William Bell Scott's "Autobiographical Notes" appeared, Mr. Swinburne no longer calls him his "dear old fast friend," but a man "born for a sign-painter in Cambo or in Thrums," "whose name would never have been read but for his parasitical associations with the Trevellys, the Rossettis and myself."

—George P. Humphrey of Rochester, N. Y., announces 200 copies of a reprint of "A History of the Indian Wars with the First Settlers of the United States to the Commencement of the Late War," with an Appendix containing accounts of the battles fought by Gen. Andrew Jackson.

—With its eighteenth annual report, the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society (a most commendable charity) issues an appeal for reading-matter, to be addressed to its office, 21 University Place, and for funds, to be addressed to Mrs. Fordham Morris, Treasurer, 45 East 30th Street.

—"Behind the Veil," a poem of over a thousand lines found among the manuscripts left by the late Prof. James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," is announced by T. C. Allen & Co. of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who will publish it for the author's widow. Dr. Archibald McMahon of Dalhousie College (where De Mille himself once held a chair) will edit the poem.

—Dr. Charles C. Abbott, the naturalist, is engaged upon a study of nature in her nocturnal aspects. He finds that animal life at midnight is often more active than at noon.

—Columbia College has over 600 university students (students with a degree from some college or scientific school who are pursuing professional or post-graduate work)—a larger number than any other institution in the United States.

—The following statement is published by request:—

"17 MADISON PLACE, Washington, D. C., Feb. 1.

"The public advertisements of many 'biographies of James G. Blaine,' pretending to be 'authentic' and 'authoritative,' compel me to state that no biography or 'life and work of Mr. Blaine' is authorized or approved by myself or any member of Mr. Blaine's family; that no manuscript by Mr. Blaine or any private letter or paper of Mr. Blaine's or any material for biography has been given out to anyone. If in the future any 'authentic' or 'authorized' biography should be prepared by competent authors it will be authenticated and authorized by myself. HARRIET S. BLAINE."

—The third course in the series of Columbia College Lectures in coöperation with the Cooper Union, are being given in the great hall, at 8 o'clock, on five consecutive Tuesday evenings, the general theme being "Municipal Conditions and Problems in the Capital Cities of Europe," and the lecturer Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*. The special subjects are:—Feb. 7, "Metropolitan London, Past, Present and Future"; Feb. 14, "Paris, its Municipal Forms and Arrangements"; Feb. 21, "Berlin, and German City Government"; Feb. 28, "Rome, and Some Recent Phases of Municipal Progress in the Italian Cities"; and March 7, "The Modern Remaking of Vienna, with remarks on Budapest." The lectures are illustrated. No tickets of admission required, but the doors are closed at 8 P.M.

—Mr. Alfred Hayes, author of "The March of Man" (now in its second edition with Messrs. Macmillan), Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and Mr. Norman Gale are about to publish a work of verse together, says the London *Literary World*. It is to be issued from the Rugby Press in a limited edition of 150 copies. The book will issue from the Bodley Head, Vigo Street.

—Prof. Isaac Sharpless will read a paper on "The Relation of the State to Education in England and America" at the eighteenth scientific session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science at the New Century Club, Philadelphia, on Feb. 23.

—A suggestion in *The Harvard Crimson* seems to have started a movement now on foot to erect a Phillips Brooks House, which shall be the centre of religious life and work at the University. Mr. Edwin H. Abbot, Secretary of the Class of '55, to which Bishop Brooks belonged, after consulting with prominent classmates, has drawn up a circular letter which will be sent to every Harvard graduate. He himself heads the subscription-list with \$10,000 as

the first pledge from his class, and \$20,000 more is promised from the class, providing the necessary \$300,000 be raised before the next commencement in June.

—"The School for Scandal" was successfully performed on Feb. 2 at this season's first public appearance of the pupils of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. The entertainment was given under Mr. Sargent's direction at the Berkeley Lyceum.

### Current Criticism

THE "FORBIDDING" IN MR. HARDY'S NOVELS:—I have not read "The Hand of Ethelberta," but "Tess" is not the only one of Mr. Hardy's novels which repels me by what is, to me, the "forbidding" character of its "conception." There is a tale of his about a woman who adored an effigy of a dead lover. I gladly forget the rest. Well, "it gars me a' grue," to quote a better writer, and the *frisson*, if new, is none the better for that. There is "Two on a Tower," where the heroine, a widow, is not infrequently described as "warm." Her child, by a second marriage, through some legal misadventure or mischance, is to be born without a legitimate father. So she marries a clergyman—a bishop if my memory holds good—and imposes the babe on that prelate. It may be my "gentility," or it may be my partiality for a married clergy, but somehow I do find the "conception" of "Two on a Tower" to be "forbidding." I don't like the practical joke on the clergyman; and the "warmth" of the widow seems too conspicuously dwelt upon. Again, I find a similar "forbidding" quality in "Tess," as I do, and have always done, in "Clarissa Harlowe." Poor Tess, a most poetical, if not a very credible character, is a rural Clarissa Harlowe. She is very unlike most rural maids, but then she comes of a noble lineage. She is not avenged by the sword of Colonel Morden, but by that lodging-house carving-knife, which seems anything but a trusty stiletto. She does not die, like Clarissa, as the ermine martin dies of the stain on its snowy fur, but she goes back to the atrocious cad who betrayed her, and wears—not caring what she wears—the parasol of pomp and the pretty slippers of iniquity. To say that all this is out of character and out of keeping is only to set my theory of human nature against Mr. Hardy's knowledge of it. I never knew a Tess, as Mr. Thackeray was never personally acquainted with a convict. Her behavior does not invariably seem to me that of "a pure woman," but perhaps I am no judge of purity, at all events in such extraordinarily disadvantageous circumstances.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine.*

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS'S BOMB:—Messrs. Harper Bros. of New York have lately printed and published, and Mr. Brander Matthews has written, the prettiest possible little book, called "Americanisms and Briticisms, with other Essays on other Isms." To slip it into your pocket when first you see it is an almost irresistible impulse, and yet—would you believe it?—this pretty little book is in reality a bomb, intended to go off and damage British authors by preventing them from being so much as quoted in the States. Mr. Brander Matthews, however, is so obviously a good-natured man, and his little fit of the spleen is so evidently of a passing character, that it is really not otherwise than agreeable to handle his bombshell gently, and inquire how it could possibly come about that the children of one family should ever be invited to fall out and strive and fight over their little books and papers. It is easy to accede something to Mr. Matthews. Englishmen, and *Saturday Reviewers* in particular, are often provoking and not frequently insolent. The airs they give themselves are ridiculous, but nobody really minds them in these moods; and, *per contra*, Americans are not easily laughed out of a good conceit of themselves, and have been known to be as disagreeable as they could.—*The Speaker.*

AUTHORS UNLIKE THEIR CHARACTERS:—There is a curious idea in the public mind which I have heard several poets and authors mention with amusement. It is that the writer who touches strongly on the tender passion in his books must necessarily be an adept in love. Now, when one may depict all the other passions of the soul—hatred, malice, envy and all uncharitableness—and yet not be supposed to be a human monster, why it needs more experience to write of love than of all other emotions is an enigma I have never been able to solve. When *Amélie Rives* wrote "The Quick or the Dead" I heard a hundred people of average good sense declare that she must have a very tender and ardent nature. These same people had read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" without receiving the impression that Robert Louis Stevenson must necessarily be a fiend incarnate. If one cannot write of love without loving, can one write of brutality without being a brute? Must one have kissed to write of a kiss? Then one must have murdered to write of a murder. An imagination that cannot conceive the one without the aid

of experience would surely be too feeble to paint the other graphically. \* \* \* It is my personal belief that one finds most in an author's books of what one finds least in the author himself. I mean to say that we are likely to deify the qualities in which our own natures are lacking, and that we find the same difficulty in keeping this evident deification out of our work that Mr. Dick experienced with the head of King Charles the First. It is not by any means the man with the tender, sympathetic nature who writes the pathetic things that bring the tears to your eyes. It is not the man who finds life a perpetual holiday who gets off the jolly little verses that you smile over. It is not often the woman with whom the maternal instinct is a passion who writes the tender lullabies and cradle songs.—*Anne Reeve Aldrich, in Kate Field's Washington.*

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1692.—1. Who was Bourdillon, who wrote, "The night has a thousand eyes," etc.; and what is the title of these verses? 2. What was Mrs. Browning's pet name, to which reference is made in one of her poems?

DETROIT, MICH.

E. B. H.

[1. Francis W. Bourdillon, born in 1852, is one of England's still living minor poets. The beautiful poem, of eight lines only, is entitled "Light." It is given in the last line of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," where the last line is unhappily misquoted; it should be, "When love is done." A new volume of his poems is about to appear. See the Supplement to Allibone.]

1693.—1. In *The Albion* of 13 Aug., 1870, appeared a letter, copied from the New Orleans Times, enclosing what purported to be an unpublished letter of Poe, dated Richmond, 29 Sept., 1849, addressed to "Mr. Daniels of Philadelphia." The sender of the communication said he found the letter among the papers of J. T. Tompkins of Burlington, N. J. Poe here confessed that "The Raven" was written by one Samuel Fenwick, who sent it to him, and died while it was in his hands. Poe also explains how the poem happened to be published with his name. I do not find that any of the biographers of Poe mention this letter, but am in doubt whether they failed to do this because they knew not of it, or because they thought it so obvious a forgery that it was not worth consideration. Were there such persons among Poe's acquaintances as Messrs. Fenwick and Daniels, or are they otherwise known?—2. According to the catalogues of the Cambridge (Mass.) Public, St. Louis Mercantile, Milwaukee Public, and Philadelphia Mercantile Libraries, the author of "Justine's Lovers," published anonymously in 1878, was Mrs. Jane L. Howell. The Supplement to Allibone also credits the work to her. But the publishers (Harper & Bros.) write to me, under date of 18 Nov., that they "do not know Mrs. Jane L. Howell, nor were we aware that she claimed to be the author of the story." Will the continuer of Allibone or one of the librarians please explain?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

W. M. G.

### Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Anacreon. Tr. by T. Stanley. Ed. by A. H. Bullen. \$7.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Andersen's Märchen. Ed. by O. B. Super. 90c.	D. C. Heath & Co.
Bazin, R. A Blot of Ink. Tr. by Q. and P. M. Francke. 30c.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Black, W. Wolfenberg. \$1.25.	Harper & Bros.
Brooks, P. The Good Wine at the Feast's End. 25c.	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Cabell, I. C. Seen from the Saddle.	Harper & Bros.
Collyer, R. Things New and Old. \$1.	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Curtis, G. W. Proceedings at the Memorial Meeting of the Unitarian Club of New York. Printed by the Club.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Dearborn, L. At the Threshold. 30c.	Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
Fawcett, E. American Push.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Fenn, G. M. Nurse Elisia. \$1.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Field, H. M. Story of the Atlantic Telegraph. \$1.50.	Garden and Forest Pub. Co.
Garden and Forest. Vol. V. Jan.-Dec., 1892.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Grinnell, G. B. Blackfoot Lodge Tales. \$1.75.	Phila.: Pres. Bd. of Pub.
Gilmore, G. W. Korea from its Capital. \$1.25.	Phila.: Lea Bros. & Co.
Lea, H. C. Superstition and Force.	Harper & Bros.
Merriman, H. S. From one Generation to Another.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Michalet, J. On the Highways of Europe. Tr. by M. J. Serrano. \$1.50.	London: Moffatt & Paige.
Moffatt's Drawing Copies. Nos. 1 to 6. sd. each.	Harper & Bros.
Murray, D. C. Time's Revenges.	
Ole Virginny Yarns. Ed. by W. H. Stewart. 15c.	Portsmouth: N. E. Whitehurst & Sons.
Peard, F. M. Catherine.	Harper & Bros.
Stimson, F. J. In the Three Zones. \$1.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Stuart, R. M. A Golden Wedding and Other Tales.	Harper & Bros.
Triggs, O. L. Browning and Whitman. 90c.	Macmillan & Co.
Under King Constantine. \$1.50.	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Walker, E. Poems of. Ed. by G. T. Drury. \$1.75.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Walker, H. Three Centuries of Scottish Literature. 3 vols. \$1.	Macmillan & Co.
Walter, E. C. The Spanish Treasure. 30c.	Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Wood, J. S. An Old Beau. \$1.	Cassell Pub. Co.



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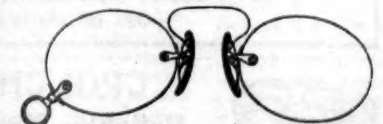
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